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THE MINERS' SONS:

MARTIN LUTHER

AND

HENRY MARTYN.

BY

THE REV. CHARLES D. BELL, M.A.

SAMPSON LOW AND SON, 47, LUDGATE HILL.

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LONDON:
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Skinner Street.

MARTIN LUTHER.

THE period of the world to which the name of Martin Luther carries back our thoughts is one of the most stirring and thrilling interest. It is rendered conspicuous on the historic page by some of those grand events which have exercised the greatest influence on the progress of the human race, and whose effects will continue to be felt till time shall be no more.

I may remind you of the discovery by the Spaniards of the rich and fertile islands of the West Indies; of the passage to the East laid open for the first time by the Portuguese; of the commercial spirit which was beginning to unite the most distant provinces of the globe in the ties of a strong and mutual interest. It was also an age when a passion for literature was spreading, and to its refinements the discovery of that art which has been the source of so many blessings to mankind,—the art of printing,—had imparted a fresh impulse and vigour. Now Ariosto sang in the sweet Tuscan language, and Guicciardini wrote history in the same silver tongue. Now, also, thoughts of beauty and genius were painted on the canvas, or wrought into the marble;

and in the cartoons of Raphael, and the creations of Michael Angelo, is seen a degree of perfection unapproached by any succeeding age. And to crown all, the dark midnight which had brooded for centuries over the human mind and the human heart, was dispersed at once and for ever by the noonday light and glory of the Reformation. The generation which preceded this era was stained by the worst of crimes; all ranks and orders, from the peasant in his cottage, to the prince on his throne; from the priest in his cloister to the Pope in his palace, were familiar with the corruption of the times. Not that I would be understood as saying, that even in the bosom of a church corrupt as was the Romish, there were no men of God animated by a spirit of righteousness, and who mourned with a holy lamentation over the vice and iniquity that so extensively prevailed.

In the very darkest annals of a world which from the first introduction of sin has been "lying in the wicked one," there have ever been noble exceptions to the surrounding ungodliness; men who stood forth in the moral firmament as bright particular stars, shedding the light of truth on an otherwise unbroken night. But these were the exceptions. Even those appointed to minister at the Church's altars were disgraced by an immorality as gross as it was unblushing; infidelity of creed was general; purity of life was uncommon. The priests chose for their companions men the most dissolute; their usual haunt was the tavern; the dice box was oftener in their hands than the prayer-book; and their nightly orgies were wound up with scenes of violence and words of blasphemy. The mysteries of

our most holy faith were not unfrequently spoken of as a jest; and the mass itself, in which they professed to offer up a sacrifice for the living and the dead, was often turned into ridicule after its solemn celebration. Among the higher orders of the clergy the corruption was not less great; they found, many of them, a more congenial home amid the tumult and licentiousness of the camp, than amid the peaceful shades of their several abbeys, or the religious services of their appointed churches. The projects of ambition, the graspings of avarice, and the policies of intrigue, presented greater attractions than the performance of those sacred duties connected with the worship of God, and the salvation of souls. And if we look higher, and glance at the Pontifical Court itself, we shall find that it was blackened and disgraced by licentiousness and treason; and polluted and profaned by incest and murder. The history of that age is one of the very darkest in the annals of the human kind, and is thrown into a deeper shade when we remember that Rome asserted universal dominion over the Christian world, and claimed to be considered the guardian of the Catholic faith.

But we turn away our thoughts from the crimes and intrigues, the scoffing and the scorn, the atheism and infidelity which hold high revel throughout the wide precincts of the Romish church, and we transport ourselves to a humbler and a purer scene.

In the village of Mora, near the Thuringian forests, has dwelt for many centuries an ancient and numerous family of the name of Luther. One of the younger members of this family, by name John, who has employment in the mines of the neighbourhood, has taken

a journey to Eisleben, to attend the annual fair. His wife accompanies him, and on the night of their arrival she becomes the mother of a son: it is the 10th of November, 1483, the eve of St. Martin's day, and therefore the parents give him the name of Martin.

It is a scene for a painter—that quiet home; the young mother and her first-born babe; the holy feelings which express the calm yet deep rapture of their emotions through the moist and glistening eye. It is a subject for a poet—that boy of lowly origin, whose birth is unknown and uncared for beyond the humble family circle, but who is yet to win a world-wide fame, and be one of the greatest benefactors of our race. As the mother bends over his infant cradle, she little thinks of the influence he is to wield over the destinies of his fellows. She knows not, as she fondles him in her bosom, or lays him lovingly on her lap, that in the heart of that child lies the germ of future deeds as noble in their accomplishment, and as grand in their results, as ever have been achieved in the history of the world. That slender arm, that droops so listlessly on her knee, is yet to be uplifted against the authority of the Pontificate,—that placid eye, slumbering so calmly, is yet to be lighted with the fires of a holy indignation against the unrighteous power which keeps the earth in thraldom; and that voice, so shrill and feeble in its cries, is to awaken the nations from the deep apathy into which they had fallen, and to send down such a startling echo to future generations, that men, standing as we do now in the middle of the 19th century, shall thrill at the name of Martin Luther, and assemble together to hear of his never-dying fame.

The early life of the Reformer was one of great hardship and severity. Speaking of his parents, he says, "they were originally in great poverty; my father was a poor miner; my mother has borne her fire-wood on her back." When at the age of 14 he was sent to school at Magdeburg, we read that his privations were so great, that in order to obtain the necessary means of subsistence he was obliged sometimes to beg alms, and sometimes to sing carols from door to door. He was much indebted to the character and education of his parents for that prudent training which developed all the resources of a naturally masculine mind, and fitted him for the glorious mission to which he was appointed of God. His father was a man of intelligence and piety; and we are told that he often prayed loudly and fervently at the bedside of his child, "that the Lord God would make him partaker of His grace." His mother was possessed of a devout and reverent spirit, and was adorned with those virtues and graces which become the pure and noble-minded woman. Yet, notwithstanding all the worth of his parents, they appear to have employed too much harshness and severity in the education of their son. However, all things were working together for his good. Luther himself acknowledged in after-life, that he should never have been the man he was, had he not passed through the stern and rugged discipline of his early years.

It is in the school of suffering that God not unfrequently educates the mind and heart of the man who is to achieve in after-life those magnificent deeds that are to advance the cause of humanity, and bring down blessings upon the world. Trial and adversity, acting

upon a soul born to be holy, great, and good, are masters well fitted to teach the lesson of self-command and self-control; to instruct as to how the dominion over the baser propensities and passions can be acquired; and how the lower nature can be made to bow and to obey. Not usually in the soft lap of prosperity is the man who is to master men, and to mould the destinies of the world, nurtured and nursed; no, he who is to be the doer of high deeds, who is to give the colour of his individual mind, not only to his own age, but to all succeeding times, is oftener rocked in the rude cradle of adversity, and taught, by years of self-denial and patient toil, to win the ascendancy, not only over himself, but over others. It was to the trials of his youth that Luther traced up the streams of his success; therefore was he not ashamed to own that the voice whose thunder shook the throne of the Pontiff was once heard plaintively begging for a morsel of bread in the streets of an obscure town: and he had a pleasure in the confession, not only on this account, but also because he felt that the memory of his original condition, contrasted with his after-fame, redounded to the glory of that God who "chooses the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; yea, and base things of the world, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are."

When Luther was 18, his father sent him to the University of Erfurth, where he applied himself diligently to scholastic philosophy, and the study of the Latin classics. But while attending to the expansion of the intellect, he neglected not the cultivation of the

heart. His chief pleasure was found in raising his thoughts to the noblest of all contemplations—to God, and the soul, and eternity. His father had intended him for the profession of the law; but a circumstance now occurred which determined the son to abjure the world and take monastic vows.

He is walking in the fields one day with Alexius, a young and intimate friend, when he and his companion are surprised by a terrific storm. The blue lightning streams upon the troubled air; crash after crash of the loud thunder startles the heavens, and the frequent bolt falls with a fearful explosion. It seems as if the judgment knell of creation were being rung. The tempest rages with redoubled fury; another vivid gleam, another awful peal, and Luther, horror-stricken and aghast, sees Alexius smitten dead at his side. He falls on his knees in a paroxysm of fear. Perhaps his own hour is come. The grave yawns at his feet—death is upon him—the judgment seat—eternity in all its tremendousness,—and the heart of the trembling youth is thrilled by the most overpowering emotions. Before he rises from his knees, *there* on that drenching ground, *there* with the horrors of the storm around him, *there* with the lifeless body of his friend before him, Luther vows that if his life be spared he will devote it exclusively to God; he will be more holy; he will rigidly perform all his duties; he will "gird up the loins of his mind," and do with all his might the work that lies before him, and which can only be done on this side the grave.

It was an age when the monastic life was esteemed the highest and the most perfect, and he had heard of

its power to change the heart and to sanctify the soul. He will therefore lead a life of holy seclusion within conventual walls, and deserve the glories of heaven. His resolve is at once put into execution. In 1505 he became a member of the Augustines at Erfurth, and entered upon his new career with that resolute determination which formed so remarkable a feature in his character. Though his father would have fain altered his resolution—though weeping friends surrounded the convent gate with lamentations, hoping to persuade him to return—it was all in vain:—God had called him, and it was his duty to obey. He parts with every memorial of the world he had left; his lay habits, his Master of Arts ring, he sent back with a farewell letter to his friends, and his Christian name is changed to that of Augustine.

Up to this period Luther had never seen the Bible. Portions of the gospels and epistles, which were read in the services of the church, he was of course familiar with; but beyond these the inspired volume was a sealed book. "The Faculty of Theology at Paris had just branded itself to all succeeding ages by the declaration that 'Religion was undone if the study of Greek or Hebrew were permitted;'"* and the general opinion seems to have been comprehended in the speech attributed to a popular monk—"They have invented a new language, which they call Greek; you must be on your guard against it. There is in the hands of many a book which they call the New Testament; it is a book full of daggers and poison. As to the Hebrew, it is certain that whoever learns it immediately becomes a Jew!"

* Villers on the Reformation, quoted by Dr. Croly.

The year 1507 was an epoch ever to be remembered in the life of this great servant of God. Being of studious habits, he spends much of his leisure time in the library attached to the monastery. He had often resorted thither to pore over its stores of learning, and as often he returned to his cell, the same man he had ever been, "darkness brooding over the deep waters of his heart." But there comes an hour when all is changed. On one memorable day he bends his way according to his custom along the corridor leading to the library, and it may be said that the spiritual destiny of Europe hangs on his steps. It little enters into the dreaming spirit of the meditative monk, that this day will be marked out in all time as that which gave an impress to the character of his whole after-life. He finds in the library of the convent, and chained to the wall, a neglected volume, written in the Latin tongue. His curiosity is aroused—he opens the book—he reads the title—it is the Bible. He at once gives himself to the study—his attention is arrested—his heart is filled with joy. As beautifully as break the first beams of the morning over the world, the rays of a new truth steal gradually in upon his soul. Day after day he returned to the library. The Bible was read again and again. It was studied and re-studied, until the book which had lain neglected for centuries in the convent of Erfurth, deposited upon the unknown shelves of a gloomy hall, became the book of life to his soul, and through him to a whole nation. In that Bible lay the germ of the noblest revolution that the world has ever seen. As Luther reads with an almost trembling delight the sacred oracles of God, his knowledge in-

creases; religion, which until now was only a barren form, grows into a living reality, and is felt to be divine. He finds the word of God to be "sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and to be a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." He sees himself as he had never seen himself before. The law of the Lord has convinced him of sin, and his soul is exercised by a severe internal struggle. He had not found in the seclusion of the cloister that peace or progress in holiness which he had so fervently desired. The fears that had agitated him about the safety of his soul while yet in the world, pursued him to his cell. Now the struggles of his bleeding conscience are increased. His mind, enlightened by the Word, tells him how holy he ought to be, and what a sinner he is. He can see nothing in himself but omission, and impurity, and defilement; no righteousness within, no righteousness without.

Justification by works was the doctrine of the monks and theologians of the day. It was only natural that such teaching should well-nigh drive him to despair, for he felt that if heaven could be entered only through his own merits, there was no hope for his sin-stained soul. His days passed in a long and weary mental conflict, and the silent arches of the cloister often resounded with his heart-drawn cry of anguish. It has been said that he often hurried away from some dispute on doctrine, and, overpowered by the struggles of his own heart, has thrown himself on his bed in an agony of supplication, crying out in the words of the Apostle, "He hath concluded all in unbelief that he

might have mercy upon all." The most solemn ceremonies of his church could not banish, even during the period of their celebration, the sorrow and anguish of his soul. Let me give you an instance. The priests are saying mass in the chapel of the convent; the fragrance of the incense that has been burnt upon the altar fills the sanctuary with its grateful odours; the last notes of the "Gloria" have ceased to echo through the sombre aisles, and one of the monks begins to read the gospel for the day. It is the narrative of the father who brings his child to Jesus that the evil and dumb spirit may be expelled. Jesus "rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him. And the spirit cried, and rent him sore."—Hark! from the choir a cry of piercing anguish thrills through the chapel, and Luther falling upon his knees exclaims, "It is not I! it is not I!" The monks had attributed his sufferings to secret intercourse with the Devil, and he thus protests that the anguish of his soul does not proceed from any demoniacal possession.

On one occasion he had shut himself up in his cell for many days and nights. A friend anxious upon his account, takes with him some of the choristers, and knocks at the door; he listens for an answer, but there is none. He knocks again—all is silent within. He grows more alarmed—he breaks open the door. Luther is upon the floor insensible. Edemberger endeavours to recall him to his senses, but all in vain; he shows no signs of life. The choristers stand by mute. At length they chant with their rich and youthful voices a sweet and touching hymn. The

notes steal gently through the ears of the poor monk, and vibrate upon the chords of his heart. His colour returns; his eyes unclose; consciousness is restored. But peace comes not with returning life. There is only one melody which can awaken joy in his soul—the melody of the Gospel sound. This has not yet thrilled with all its gladdening power upon his heart. He is still anxious, and downcast, and dispirited. He still toils and labours after peace with God.

Like thousands before and since, he sought relief from the throes of an accusing conscience in external ordinances; in watchings, and fastings, and prayers, and the rigid observance of painful personal mortification. "I tormented myself," he says, in one place, "to death, to procure peace with God, and to my agitated conscience; but surrounded with hideous darkness, nowhere did I find peace." "I confessed every day, but that availed me nothing; I could only give way to despair." Under this stern discipline, and a poignant sense of sin, and a trembling apprehension of God, added to intense study, his frame pined away, his health declined, and he sometimes sank down in a death-like swoon. It was at this time, when anguish was preying upon his heart, and undermining his health, and his cell re-echoed to the groans of his burthened spirit, that it pleased God to give rest to his troubled and perturbed mind, and to shed upon his soul the balm of heavenly peace. The instrument chosen by the Lord to instruct his servant in the great gospel doctrine of a free salvation, restoring life and liberty to the dead and enslaved spirit of man, was John Staupitz, the representative of a noble family in

Misnia, and Vicar-General of the Augustines throughout Germany. He himself, through the study of the Bible, and through conflicts similar to those of Luther, which had brought him to the cross of his Redeemer, had found peace with God. At a visit from Staupitz to the Monastery of Erfurth, his attention was arrested by the appearance of a young man, emaciated to the last degree by abstinence, and study, and watchings, the sadness of whose countenance bore evident traces of a mind diseased. He was immediately attracted to the young monk by some mysterious impulse, and profiting by the opportunities afforded through his position, he sought to win the confidence of Luther. He succeeded. Luther disclosed the anxious thoughts by which he was agitated; the pains and agonies of his mind. Staupitz pointed him to Jesus Christ; to the wounds he suffered for sinners; to the nails; to the crown of thorns; to the blood shed upon the cross. "Instead of inflicting sufferings on yourself, because of your faults, cast yourself into the arms of your Redeemer; confide in the obedience of his life, and the efficacious merit of his death." "Seek not conversion in emaciation and suffering; but love Him who first loved thee." These words fell upon Luther's ear with all the melody of a message from heaven. He listens in rapt and breathless attention to this the first disclosure of the free and gracious love of God which it had ever been his happiness to hear. His heart is stirred to its very depths by the feelings of an hitherto unknown joy. "It is Jesus Christ," thinks he in his heart, "yea, it is Jesus Christ himself, who so wonderfully comforts me by these sweet and healing words."

Before the Vicar-General left the convent, he gave Luther a Bible, who rejoiced that he was at length master of that treasure, which he could only read occasionally before in the University library, and chained to the convent wall, or at best in a friend's cell. The work thus happily begun by Staupitz was carried on by an old brother in the monastery. Luther was at this time seized by a sudden and dangerous illness, and again his soul was distracted by the consciousness of his own sinfulness, and the thought of God's holiness. The old monk recalled to his mind the Apostle's creed, and more especially the clause, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." These words were as oil to the troubled waters of his soul: "I believe," he repeated to himself, "I believe in the remission of sins." "Ah," said the monk, "it is not enough to believe the sins of a David and a Peter merely are forgiven; devils might believe that. God commands us to believe that *our* sins are forgiven." How delightful did this commandment seem to poor Luther! "Hear what St. Bernard says in his discourse on the Annunciation," added the aged brother:—"the teaching of the Holy Ghost in thy heart is this; thy sins are forgiven thee!" From that moment light dawned on the soul of the young monk. The word of grace has been spoken, and he believes. He renounces all merit; he casts himself entirely on Christ. He did not at once perceive all the consequences which flowed from the principle he had admitted, for he was still sincere in his attachment to the Romish church, though he felt no further need of her human inventions for pacifying the strong cries of his wounded conscience. He

had received salvation from God himself; and while he was still a Roman Catholic, the power of Roman Catholicism over his heart and mind was virtually at an end. He advanced. He sought in the writings of the Apostles and Prophets for all that could add power to his faith and vigour to his hope. One passage of Scripture, especially, became to him the gate through which his soul was admitted into a Paradise of spiritual bliss. In the 1st chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, he read the saying of the Prophet Habakkuk, "The just shall live by faith." These words, which explained the mystery of the Christian life, took entire possession of his heart, and gave him peace and joy in believing. His mental health was restored, and with it the strength of his body. Life and light had been given him from above, and henceforth he is a new creature, abounding in that righteousness, peace, and joy, which are the essential elements of the kingdom of God, and "rejoicing in hope of the glory to be revealed."

But we must now direct your gaze to Luther as he leaves the obscure convent for a wider field of action. Through the influence of Staupitz with Frederic the Elector of Saxony, he is appointed to a professorship in the University of Wittemburg. One of his duties is to give a lecture every day from the Scriptures to the students; and in the fulfilment of this office his exhibitions of truth are so startling, that a numerous crowd of listeners are attracted round the eloquent monk. He spake to his rivetted audience not as the scholastic pedant, or the subtle rhetorician, but as the man of God who has been thrilled into life by the spirit of the living God, and who, because he felt the truth he

taught, carried with the tide of a resistless strength the hearts and sympathies of his hearers. Men were subdued under his heart-inspired and heart-touching appeals, and were constrained to bow before the majesty of arguments which caught all their inspiration from that divine book which is "able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." But Staupitz is not contented that Luther should confine his lectures to the students. He invites him to preach in the Church of St. Augustine, and though the young professor shrinks modestly from the proposal, his reluctance is at length overcome, and in the Square of Wittemburg, in an old wooden chapel, the Reformer commenced his preaching of the glorious gospel of the grace of God.

You may see him there in that old pulpit, with his noble head and expressive countenance, and dignified bearing, as he stands commissioned of God to make known the mystery of the Gospel, and to proclaim tidings which for ages had not been preached as he preaches now. Clear and sonorous is his voice; suitable and arresting is his action; he turns the hearts of the listening multitude whatever way he pleases, and sways them as one man by the impassioned and impetuous torrent of his eloquence. The effect of his preaching is soon seen. The work of God goes forward; a spirit of inquiry is abroad; and all things are being prepared for that hour when the nations shall throw off the bondage of the Papal tyranny, and refuse to submit to an oppression which would crush alike both the mind and heart. The day was beginning to dawn, and broader and more brightly still the light of

truth was destined to break over the world, and dispel the dark clouds of superstition which had so long mantled it in their gloomy pall. Upon the work of the Reformation priest and prelate might frown; and against its progress human exertion and policy might take counsel together; but the time had come to free Europe from her chains, and God had determined that nothing should obstruct the majestic march of truth, or prevent the revival of that pure Christain faith which had been so long entombed under the errors and corruptions of Rome.

But we hasten to another period of the Reformer's life. In 1510 Luther received a commission to proceed to Rome touching some disputed points between seven converts of his order, and the Vicar-General. He goes as the chosen delegate of the former. What feelings must have agitated his enthusiastic mind as he approached the metropolis of Christendom,—the seven-hilled city: whose ways were trodden by Apostles; whose streets were sanctified by the blood of Martyrs; where everything was eloquent of great and noble deeds; and where holy and reverent memories were at every step awakened in the mind! "When I first beheld Rome," he says, "I fell prostrate to the earth, and raising my hands, exclaimed, God save thee, Rome, thou seat of the Holy One! Yea, thrice holy, from the blood of the sainted martyrs which have been shed within thy walls!" Here he saw the gorgeous magnificence of the warlike Julius II., who then occupied the Papal chair: the church in all her splendour shone before his dazzled eyes: processions passed before him with Cardinals and mitred Bishops, with crosses and

relics, and flowers and incense. Here were noble churches with solemn music, and lighted tapers, and rich draperies. Here were holy shrines decorated and adorned with the treasures and trophies of centuries. But he soon discovered the corruption which lay beneath this external splendour. The Church may indeed at that time be compared to "a whited sepulchre, which outwardly appears beautiful unto men, but within is full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness." Rome, instead of being, as he fondly hoped, the supreme seat of Christian virtue, was, he discovered, the centre of infidelity and licentiousness and wrong. Although he still regarded the Pontiff as the head of infallibility, yet for him the silver veil was for ever torn from the face of the mystery of iniquity; and there she stood before his eyes revealed in all her naked hideousness and deformity. He returned to Wittemburg with a saddened and indignant heart, and sought in the Word of the Living God that consolation which he could not discover in a church deformed and defiled by the lying inventions of men.

But another scene opens before us; the martial Julius is dead, and a new Pope holds high dominion in Rome.

A monk of the Dominican order, named John Tetzel, who was appointed by Albert, Archbishop of Mentz, appears in Germany, to sell indulgences for the purpose of bringing wealth to the coffers of Pope Leo X. Leo being fond of the fine arts, and a man of expensive habits, had drawn deeply on the treasures of the Popedom; so that to raise money was indispensable, and he attempted to do so under the double pretext of war against the Turks, and the building of St. Peter's.

Large sums were procured by the sale of indulgences throughout Europe, and the money was instantly absorbed by the expenditure of the court of Rome. When Tetzel came into Saxony to make market of his indulgences, and sell release from the guilt of human crimes, Luther at once indignantly opposed him, and determined to lay bare his infamous traffic, at variance as it was with the Word of God, and calculated to destroy the morality and undermine the virtue of man. Resolving to state his opinions in a series of propositions, he publishes ninety-five of these, embracing the whole doctrine of penance, purgatory, and indulgences; and suspending them on the Church door in one of the thoroughfares of Wittemburg, challenged a public disputation. Great was the excitement caused by this startling note of defiance; and so powerful was the authority of the Pope, that even those who felt that truth was on the Reformer's side feared to espouse his cause, or stand by him in the moment of danger. And now, mark how finely Luther's character comes out in this hour of peril; see the fruit of his early discipline; behold how he has learnt to look danger in the face, and neither to shrink nor blanch at the sight! On the one side stands the miner's son alone against the world; on the other, John Tetzel supported by the Pope and the Priesthood, and backed by all the civil and religious power of the proud and dominant Church. Yet Martin flinches not; he is like a rock; he is strong in the strength of God. He is accused of violence and pride; he is reproached for rashness and levity; the high and the mighty are against him, the learned and the noble oppose him. He is scorned and defied, and looked upon as a lawless and reckless monk,

who desires to level all ranks and degrees, and to trample upon all discipline and order. Even his own friends disapprove of his proceedings. The controversy goes on. At length the infamous Tetzel, defeated in argument, has recourse to vindictive threats: in his office of Inquisitor he publicly denounces Luther as a heretic, and sets fire on the scaffold to the sermons and theses of his adversary. Leo X. endeavours to crush the obscure professor by contempt. "These theses," said he, "are written by a drunken German, who will cease speaking thus when the fumes of his wine have evaporated!" And what says Luther the while? Simply this:—"If the work is God's who can arrest it? If not who can speed it forward? Not my will, not theirs, but thine, O holy Father in Heaven!" Here, then, we see this man of God armed in the holiness of his cause; inspired by a deep, intense, overpowering love of the truth, and actuated by a faith as simple as it was divine, standing out alone against Popery in the very height of her power; in an age when the kings of the earth put their necks under her yoke, and princes bowed in the dust before the nod of the usurping Pontiff. I know of no more sublime spectacle than that of this solitary man, stirred to the very depths of his being by the flagitious dealings of a system endowed with temporal sovereignty, and sustained by all the might and power that is of the world, assailing singly and unarmed the abominations of the Popedom, and determined to rescue the sublime mysteries of the Christian faith from that accumulation of error beneath which they had for centuries been buried. And yet, though unsupported by human help, Luther was not alone. God was with

him. He "to whom belongeth the shields of the earth," was on his side. Nor was it long before earthly friends were raised up to gather round the Reformer and uphold his cause. The University of Wittemburg, almost to a man, espoused his side. Martin Bucer, already famous as a scholar, gave in his public adhesion to the new doctrines, and Frederic the Elector of Saxony became his firm and sincere supporter. Nor were these all. The German people had listened to the accents of this noble man as he entered the lists with Rome, a champion for the noblest rights of humanity, and their hearts echoed to the truths which he proclaimed. They had studied his writings, profound as they were clear, and simple as they were sublime, and they caught something of the noble spirit with which they were inspired. The flame lighted in his own bosom gradually communicated itself from one mind to another, till at length the smouldering fire burst forth with a power that would not be controlled; and a nation catching his enthusiastic ardour, prepared to grapple with all the force and fraud of a corrupt and lying Church, which trampled on the hearts and consciences of men, and, robbing the gospel of its great central principle, deprived it of its power to renew and save. Thus, through Luther's preaching and books, a fresh life was infused into Christendom; the splendour of a divine faith burst upon her mind, and shaking herself from the slumber of centuries she resolved to be henceforward free, and to take her proper position in the righteous crusade against ignorance and imposture. And now, the Vatican, alarmed by the spread of the pure faith, attempts to crush by violence the dauntless spirit of the miner's

son. Luther is summoned to appear at Rome before the Ecclesiastical Court within sixty days. He was proscribed everywhere, and his adherents were to be "burned, cursed, and excommunicated."

You may not be aware of all the consequences resulting to the person laid under the Papal ban. They were these: such a man was declared infamous, incapable of performing any lawful act; was deprived of Christian burial; was stripped of all fiefs that he held; had no home or country; was to bring a curse on all who offered him shelter; and was exposed to the vengeance of an almost universal power. But Luther braved all; and God so wrought on his behalf that the Pope was induced to alter his determination of calling him to Rome, and he empowered his legate, De Vio, to confer with the Reformer at Augsburg.

Luther's friends were amazed at the calm courage he displayed as he set out upon his anxious journey to appear before the legate. At last the day appointed for the important conference arrives: De Vio is in his palace surrounded by his suite; for several of the most distinguished Italians in the train of this ecclesiastical Prince crowd the hall of audience to be present at the interview. They are anxious to see the obstinate Monk at the feet of the Papal representative. Luther enters the saloon attended by the Prior of the Carmelite convent, and four friends. There is silence throughout the chamber. The Cardinal, thinking that Luther is about to recant, forbears to speak. Luther on his part humbly waits for the Nuncio to address him. At length the Reformer's voice is heard expressing obedience to the Church: acknowledging that he had published certain theses and pro-

positions; and declaring that he is ready to listen to every charge. The Legate praises his humility, and addresses him as an affectionate and forgiving father might address his erring and prodigal child. The conference proceeds. The Cardinal soon discovers the spirit he has to deal with, and brave Martin makes the polished Italians stare at the undaunted hardihood of his speech. They had expected to see the poor Monk crouch on bended knee at the footstool of the Legate; they witness the noble bearing of a man who felt that God was with him of a truth. To retract, or not to retract, *that* was the great question proposed to Luther at this and the succeeding interviews. And what says our noble Monk to the wrathful Legate who demands that he will renounce the doctrines which he has been so boldly teaching? O man of God, let us hear thy voice witnessing for the truth of that Saviour whom thou lovest! Thus he speaks: "I have no other will than the Lord's, who will dispose of me according to his pleasure; but had I four hundred heads, I would rather sacrifice them all, than retract the testimony I have borne to the holy faith of Christians." No wonder that De Vio shrunk from further conference, and that he should determine within himself, as he afterwards expressed to Staupitz, "I will have no more disputing with that beast; for he has deep eyes, and wonderful speculation in his head."

Luther now returns to Wittemburg, and for a time there is a pause; the papal partisans are mute, and Luther, complying with the request of his friends, discontinued the discussion. At length, Eck, a man of the highest academic renown, and who had carried off the

honours of no less than eight Universities, recommenced the combat. After a dispute of twenty days, in which the champion of the Pope was defeated, Luther closed the disputation with these words,—"The Reverend Doctor flees from the Scriptures, as the Devil from before the cross. As for me, with all due respect to the Fathers, I prefer the authority of Holy Writ, and this test I would recommend to our Judges."

But a greater triumph than any obtained over the subordinate ministers of the Papacy is shortly to be won by the renowned leader of the Reformation; he is to grapple with the whole power of Rome,—he is to brave the whole wrath of the Vatican. The Pope publishes a bull against Luther,—his books are to be burnt; it is made a crime to print, to preach, or even to read his works: while living he is to be held infamous; when dead, he is to be counted unfit for Christian burial, and his soul, robbed of every hope of salvation, is to be condemned to the quenchless fires of Hell. Eck brings the bull into Germany; at some towns it is published, and Luther's books are committed to the flames; in others public opinion is on the side of Luther, and the people express their feelings of disgust against Eck, and their determination that the bull shall not be proclaimed. And how feels the object of the Papal manifesto? He writes thus to a friend:—"I rejoice that it has fallen to my lot to suffer hardships for the best of causes, but I am not worthy of such a trial; I am now much more at liberty than before, being fully persuaded that the Pope is Antichrist, and that I have discovered the seat of Satan." And our brave Martin not only speaks,—he acts too: against the Pope's bull he utters a protest,

appeals to a general council, and calls upon Charles, Emperor of Germany, the Elector, Princes, Counts, Barons, Knights, the gentlemen Councillors, Cities and communities of the whole German nation, to resist with him the Antichristian conduct of the Pope, for the glory of God, and the defence of the Church of Christ. Nor is he content with this; he has defied the Pope's anathema,—he will now prove to mankind the scorn in which he holds his authority. The Church had thrust him forth from her bosom; he accepts the solemn divorce,—he shews to Christendom that hereafter there is a gulf never to be bridged over between him and Rome. His own writings have been burnt in many of the principal towns, and he is determined to have his bonfire too, whose flames, mounting heavenward, shall scatter the night of darkness, and make the skies red with the promise of the approaching dawn. He gives public notice that he is about to abjure solemnly the Pope and the Papacy. On the 10th of December, 1519, at nine in the morning, a great number of the Professors and Students of the University of Wittemburg, with Luther at their head, march in grave procession to the eastern gate near the Holy Cross: a funeral pile has been prepared; one of the chief members of the University sets fire to it: as the crackling flames rise aloft, forth steps Luther, and approaches the pile with the Canon-law in his hand, the Decretals, the Clementines, the Extravagants, and some writings by Eck and Emser. He consigns them to the burning pile. When these have been consumed, he holds forth the infamous bull of Leo, and committing it solemnly to the fire, exclaims, "Since

thou hast vexed the Holy One of the Lord, may everlasting fire vex and consume thee!"

And now the Reformation spreads. The thunder of the Vatican has been defied; the hosts that were arrayed against the reformer have been baffled; no despotism, even that which had hitherto kept the earth in fetters, has been able to crush the moral energy of his soul, or to put out the flame which, kindled at the heavenly lamp of God's word, burned with celestial fervour in his heart. The days of perfect light and liberty are at hand. The reformer has given an impulse to Christendom, and the throne and tyranny of Rome is about to be shaken to its base.

But Luther is now to stand for the defence of the truth in the presence of the most exalted tribunal in Europe. Charles the Fifth, now in possession of the imperial throne, in order to gratify the papal legates in Germany, summons Luther to the Diet then sitting at Worms, to declare in person whether he will retract or adhere to his heretical opinions. His friends try to dissuade him from his journey: for though the Emperor had promised him safe conduct, yet they remembered that, in spite of every pledge, John Huss, under circumstances nearly similar, had been burnt at Constance. But in vain they beseech him not to pay attention to the Emperor's summons: their earnest entreaties produce no other result than the famous words:—"I am resolved and determined to obey the summons, and enter the city in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ; though I were confronted by as many devils as there be roof-tiles on all the houses of the whole world." "But they will burn thee, Luther, to ashes, as they did Huss," they said.

What then? "If they were to kindle a fire between Wittemburg and Worms, which would reach to the heavens, I would still appear in the name of the Lord, and enter the jaws of Behemoth, and treading between his teeth, confess Christ, and leave him to do all his pleasure."

And now Luther commences the most memorable of his journeys; a nation's heart goes with him. He is sent forth with a thousand blessings, and as he proceeds the population of the various towns through which he passes comes out to meet him, and commend him to the protection of God. On the 16th of April, he enters Worms. Attired in his cowl, and seated in an open chariot, with the imperial herald on horseback leading the way, he was escorted by a procession of Saxon nobles, and the people. On the next day he attends the Diet; the crowd is so great that the streets are impassable, and the only access to the Hall of Assembly is through gardens and private houses; every roof is covered by spectators, and when he reaches the antechamber he is surrounded by an assemblage of more than 5000 people, composed of various nations,—Italians, Germans, Spaniards. As he stands amongst the thronging crowd, waiting till the door is opened, which shall admit him into the presence of his judges, a valiant Knight, George of Freundsburg, taps him on the shoulder, and shaking his head blanched in many battles, says kindly, "Poor Monk! poor Monk! thou art going to make a nobler stand than I, or any other Captain has ever made in the bloodiest of our battles: but if thy cause is just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing! God will not

forsake thee!" At length the portal uncloses, and he is ushered into the august assembly: the world's princes are there, men of rank and power, men vested with state and dignity, and whose names are familiar throughout Europe. There sits the Emperor Charles the Fifth, whose sceptre sways extensive territories both in the old world and the new; and there is his brother, the Archduke Ferdinand: there are also the Electors of the empire, Dukes and Margraves, Bishops and Archbishops, Ambassadors representing seven nations, including England and France, Counts and Barons, Legates from the Court of Rome, and many persons of eminence and rank. Through an avenue formed of such an imposing assemblage, down that noble hall, advances Martin Luther, and takes his stand before the imperial throne. All eyes are fastened on the noble man: you may observe some traces of emotion, as he finds himself alone in the midst of this dazzling court; but all agitation soon subsides; he is as calm as though fear were a passion unknown to his valiant soul. It may be that the splendour of the scene has faded from his eyes, and that the persons of sovereigns and princes are lost in the thought that he stands in a higher presence still,—before the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, for whose truth's sake he is to witness before Christendom this day. What, then, can he be but calm and dauntless? "If God be for him who can be against him?" Like another Paul, he stands in the imperial hall of Worms, before kings and priests, and his cheek blanches not, and his eye droops not, and his brow is as clear as a Midsummer lake, and in its fearless front gives eloquent interpretation of the unquailing spirit that lodges in the great heart within.

Two questions are proposed to him by the chancellor of the Archbishop of Trèves;—"whether he owned himself the author of the books bearing his name? And whether he was disposed to retract or persist in their contents?" To the former Luther at once answered in the affirmative; to the latter he demanded that time should be given for reply. The request is granted, and the meeting is adjourned to the following day.

At length the eventful morning of the 18th dawns. His faith seems to fail,—a great internal struggle is raging within: but he knows where to look for aid: he falls on the ground: like his Saviour in the garden, he utters "strong crying with tears:" in the greatness of his agony his soul wrestles with God; he will not let him go until he has obtained a blessing:—"O God! O God!" he cries, "help me, it is not my work, but thine—O my God, where art thou?—come, come, I am ready to lay down my life for thy truth, patient as a lamb—I will never separate myself from thee, either now or through eternity. Though the world should be filled with devils; though my *body*, which is still the work of thy hands, should be slain, be stretched upon the pavement, be cut in pieces, reduced to ashes, my *soul* is thine—my soul belongs to thee; it shall abide for ever with thee—Amen, O God help me, Amen!" Peace flows into his mind again,—he rejoices, he exults that he is to bear testimony for Christ. As the hour for his appearance draws near, he approaches a table on which lies a Bible: upon the sacred volume he places his left hand: he raises his right towards heaven, and swears to remain faithful to the gospel, and to confess valiantly the faith, even though he should have to seal that confession with his blood.

Again he is before the Assembly. As he had been obliged to wait some hours while the Diet was occupied on other business, the night has fallen before he takes his place the second time before the imperial court. Torches are lighted in the Hall of Assembly, and give an imposing effect to the whole scene; their light is thrown upon ancient window and gothic arch, upon groined pillar and marble pavement, and lends a pictorial effect to the official robes and splendid costumes of Prince and Palatine and Knight. Above all it falls on the massive brow of the solitary Monk, who in the sublimity of his faith braves the frown and is regardless of the favour of the world.

> "There he stands
> In confirmation of the noblest claim;
> Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
> To walk with God, to be divinely free,
> To soar and to anticipate the skies."

And now again the Chancellor asks him whether he will defend his writings, or whether he will recant. And the answer is given boldly, in that clear sonorous voice of his:—"I can only say, that unless I be convinced by Scripture, (for I can put no faith in Popes and councils, as it is evident that they have frequently erred, and even contradicted each other) unless my conscience be convinced by the word of God, I cannot and I will not retract, for it is unsafe for a christian to speak against his conscience." And then, looking round with all the magnificent bearing of a man who has the cause of God and of Christ in his hands, and who feels that the truth must be upheld at the hazard of his life,

he adds:—Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise, may God help me, Amen!"

It being found impossible to bend the iron will of the Reformer to their wishes—it being discovered that he will neither be threatened into obedience, nor pursuaded into submission—he is commanded to depart from Worms within twenty-one days, and is promised safe conduct till this period has elapsed.* A few days after he had left Worms a severe decree is published in the Emperor's name, by the authority of the Diet, proclaiming Luther a schismatic and heretic, forbidding any Prince to offer him harbour or protection, and requiring all men to give their aid in his seizure as soon as the term specified in the safe conduct had expired. As the Reformer, on his way with his friends to Wittemburg, is journeying quietly along the border of the Thuringian forest, he and the rest of the party are startled by a sudden noise, and immediately five horsemen wearing masks, and armed from head to foot, spring upon the travellers. Luther is seized, pulled violently from the waggon in which he is seated, placed upon a horse which is standing ready to receive him, and hurried by his assailants into the gloomy forest. He is conducted to a lofty and isolated fortress named the Wartburg, and situated on the summit of one of the mountains near to Eisenach. The bolts are drawn, the iron bars fall, the ponderous gates roll back, the Reformer passes the threshold, and the doors close behind

* To understand the full danger of Luther's position at the Diet of Worms, we must remember that Charles V. on his deathbed regretted that he had kept faith with that heretic Luther.—Vide M'Crie's Reformation in Spain.

him. He finds, however, that he is amongst friends. The Elector Frederic, fearing that the malice of his enemies would plot new schemes for his destruction, has in this singular manner secured the person of the Reformer, and provided a secret asylum where he may reside safely till the first fury of the storm has expended its rage. Here Luther is made to put on the military costume in exchange for his ecclesiastical robes: his hair and beard are allowed to grow, in order that no one in the castle might be able to recognize him, and he is known only to the people in the Wartburg by the title of the "knight George." There is one prolonged cry of grief throughout Germany for the Reformer. He has suddenly disappeared, and no one can say what has become of him. Astonishment and indignation fill all hearts, and the cause of the Reformation seems lost with its champion. But God's ways are not as man's ways, nor His thoughts as man's thoughts. He has work for his servant to do in this solitary and retired castle. To use the words of D'Aubigné, "That same God who had conducted St. John to Patmos, *there* to write his Revelation, had confined Luther in the Wartburg, *there* to translate His word." Luther knew the value of the Bible,—it was the well-spring at which he imbibed all spiritual life and consolation; its waters had been streams of life to his own soul, and he longed that they should burst forth, and gladden and refresh a parched and weary world. "Would," he exclaimed, "would that this one book were in every language, in every hand, before the eyes and in the hearts of all men!" He applied himself to the great work of translating the Bible into German; applied himself prayer-

fully and heartily, and in after years, through the blessing of the Lord upon his labours, his translation was completed, and he placed in the hands of the people, and in their mother tongue, that same volume which is the charter of man's hope; his guide in life; his support in death; the pole-star which conducts him safely through the shoals and breakers of time to the peaceful haven of Eternity! Nor was it to his own country alone that he restored the book of God, which is the book of life to the soul, evolving a world of beauty out of a chaos of disorder; for the Word of Truth went forth from land to land, and has been the author of spiritual life to millions, for generation after generation; containing all needful supplies of grace for the deepest wants of the craving heart, and ever-flowing streams of imperishable comfort for the imperishable soul of man.

But at length the time arrives when he is to leave the Wartburg. His energetic spirit droops under the monotony of his seclusion; he longs once more to join the active battle, to front the rancour of his enemies, and to buckle on his armour for the fight. Rumours reach him that some of the friends of the Reformation, more especially Carlstadt, are doing harm to the cause by a headstrong violence and fanatic extravagance, and he believes that his presence is required to restrain their wild and disorderly excesses. Therefore, although lying under the two-fold ban of the Pope and the Empire, he leaves his place of security, and appears at Wittemburg, on the public arena of conflict, not to excite, but to calm and quell the passions of men, and to advance by his personal influence and unfailing efforts the mighty

cause of God and of mankind. He succeeded in allaying the commotion; the people could not withstand the well-known voice, or that convincing eloquence of diction by which they had first been led into new regions of thought. And now, having by his wisdom and moderation, and heroic magnanimity, restored peace and order, he threw himself, as he did at the beginning, heart and soul into the struggle with Rome,—a struggle not for policy or power, not for sects or schools, not for rank or fame; but for what transcended all, as much as the heavenly surpasses the earthly,—a struggle for truth against error, life against death, the cross against the crucifix, religion against superstition. And he prevailed. He purified the Church. He won blessings for mankind. He saw some of the fruits of his labours: the work which he commenced went on from the first progressively; has gone on through more than the three hundred years during which he has taken his place among the bright ranks of the redeemed in glory, the glorious company of the Apostles, the noble army of Martyrs, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets; and will go on, God willing, for centuries to come. Gradually the scales that blinded them fell from men's eyes, and the manacles that fettered them were burst asunder. Their souls were disenthralled from the despotism which sought to keep them in bondage, and one nation after another, and our own beloved island among the foremost, at length asserted their independence of the Bishop of Rome, and proclaiming themselves free, dashed aside the unrighteous fetters in which they had been so long enslaved.

The spread of the true faith may be illustrated by one

of those scenes of beauty and grandeur which are common in the Alpine ranges of Switzerland. You stand before daybreak on some lofty mountain summit of that sublime country; the grey mists lie floating over the valleys; Alp upon Alp towers around you, wreathed in vapour, vast, indistinct, and formless like mighty giants in their shrouds. Suddenly a deep purple line foretelling the dawn appears in the East. The sun shines above the horizon, and as he rises higher and higher, one peak after another catches his rays, and coming out clear and defined glows with a rosy splendour until the whole panorama is lit up with an almost intolerable radiance; and lake and valley, glacier and mountain, lie bathed before you in one brilliant flood of glory. So with the Reformation; the moral darkness was gradually dispelled; one land after another, one country after another in Europe, caught the rays of a divine faith from heaven, and though we have not yet reached the noonday when all darkness shall be dispelled, yet the light increases, and time hastens onwards to the dawning of that blessed period when the noxious clouds of error shall all of them disperse and roll away before the bright beams of truth, leaving the nations of Christendom and of the world to bask in the lustre and loveliness of the knowledge of the glory of God, as mirrored in and reflected back from the person of Jesus Christ.

But I must hasten to its close a lecture which has already made too large demands on your patience and your time. Having to address you on a subject so rich in matter, so suggestive of thought, as the life of the great Reformer, I found it impossible to do more than bring before your attention some of the more salient and striking points in his history. Much of the deepest

interest has necessarily been omitted. I should have liked to have spoken to you of the gentle charities of his domestic and conjugal life, for in order to break off as completely as possible from the inventions of the papacy, Luther determined to become a husband; he saw that marriage was an institution of God, celibacy an institution of man. Therefore, in defiance of the reproach and calumny it would bring upon him personally, he married, at the age of 42, Catherine Bora, who had some time before abandoned the cloistered life, and embraced the reformed faith. Luther, by this first step towards abolishing the celibacy of the clergy, did much to restore the sanctity of the married state, and to put an end to abuses of the foulest and grossest kind. But I must not stop to speak of the happiness of that domestic life which he now enjoyed, nor must I dwell on the playful buoyancy of a nature which gladdened as with a sunbeam the social circle; nor on the noble heroism, the poetic sympathies, and impassioned enthusiasm, which all blended in the character of this truest of heroes, animated by as noble a soul as ever man received from God, and who, endowed with the "spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind," gave an impulse to the world, whose effects shall be felt to the furthest generations; yea, even until that solemn and august hour when the Angel of the Apocalypse, "planting one foot on the land, and the other on the sea, shall lift up his hand to Heaven, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever, that time shall be no more!"

But I forbear;—I close with the last scene of all, his death! How shall such a man die? with what feelings shall such an honoured servant of God contemplate his

approaching end? As a man with "his loins girt, and his lamp burning." Like another christian hero before him, who in the olden time, when his departure was at hand, was willing to be offered, and longed to be "absent from the body and present with the Lord." Hear what our aged reformer says, in a letter to a friend written in the year 1546, when he had reached his 63d winter, and his frame, exhausted by labour, and long racked by a painful complaint, is about to give way. "Old age is with me, and he is always infirm and deceitful, weak and sickly. The pitcher after long use must at last be broken at the fountain; I have lived long enough, and only wait till God shall grant me that blessed hour, when my worthless body shall be gathered to my people." And again he spake thus from the pulpit:—"I am weary of the world, and the world is weary of me; it is therefore easy to part, as the traveller leaves the inn for his much-loved home;" and he requested the people, should he be taken ill, not to pray for his recovery. On the 17th of February in this year, he became so ill that his friends dissuaded him from going out. In the evening he conversed much with those around him on his approaching death, and on the recognition of friends in a future state, and before lying down remained a long time in prayer. He sleeps for a little while, and upon awakening at eleven, gives utterance in a fervent tone of voice to the words which were last upon his Saviour's lips: "Into thy hands I commend my spirit, Lord God of Truth!" He sleeps again; at one o'clock he awakes, and after a choking cry that he is very ill, and his respiration difficult, he exclaims thrice, "Lord into thy hands I commend my

spirit!" A friend asks him impressively, "Most reverend Father, can you die with firm confidence in Christ, and the doctrines you have taught?" He gives an audible answer in the affirmative, but again drops into silence, and appears to slumber. They call him by his name; he replies not. His breath is drawn more deeply, but quietly still; and with hands folded together he falls asleep in Jesus between two and three the same night; and without a struggle to break the awful repose of his tranquil countenance, his great spirit passes almost imperceptibly away into the presence of the God who gave it.

We leave him there on his death-bed at Eisleben,—a warrior in his shroud. He has fought the fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith. Why speak of funeral pomp, and solemn procession, and dirge-like hymn, as all that remains of him is escorted to Wittemburg amid the tears and lamentations of the noblest and the best? Why speak of the honours with which this defender of the faith was laid in the silent tomb, or of the pictures and monuments which were to be memorials of his fame to posterity? It was well, indeed, that a grateful people should display the highest reverence for his memory, and tell out their gratitude for the blessings he secured to them, in a manner the most expressive; but it needed not the breathing marble, nor the sculptured brass, nor the glowing picture, to keep alive the recollection of his deeds: they will live till time shall be no more. His grave,—it was not merely in the tomb where they laid his ashes,—it was in the heart of the people to whom he gave back the heritage of gospel truth. His monument,—it was not such merely as the

designer might draw, and the sculptor might carve,—it was one that could never crumble, nor decay, nor be effaced: it was, it is, "THE REFORMATION."

But I cannot conclude without saying that a great practical lesson is to be derived from Luther's history. It is this: that it was the life of God in his soul that made him what he was. True he had an innate loftiness of nature; a deep meditative spirit; a will, which once fixed was inflexible; self-reliance and masculine independence of soul; vigorous moral courage, and an energy of mind and body which led him on to achieve whatever he deemed it right to undertake. And these predominating elements in his character rendered him a fit instrument in the hand of God for the great work he was to accomplish. But had these natural virtues alone composed his character, his name had never descended to the latest ages as one commanding the reverence and respect of men. It was because the new principle of a divine life informed all his being that he became the great Reformer. Like any other monk of his time, he might have worn out his days in his solitary cell, occupied with the wearisome round of rites and ceremonies with which Rome burthens her priests; or at best engaged in illuminating some curious manuscript, or recording the life of some legendary saint whom the church had canonized; but the thunder of the Vatican had never been braved in the holy warfare against error, had not the radiance of gospel light beamed in brightly upon his soul. It was when he saw the cardinal doctrine of the atonement in all its clearness; when the great truth of justification by faith burst upon his mind; when Jesus Christ rose

in his heart, the bright day star of salvation, and he knew himself a pardoned man, that he felt there was a work for him to do from which he dared not shrink, be the consequences what they might. The truth had been manifested to his own mind, and he felt himself constrained by all that was holy and righteous to make it known to others, and to spread once more abroad, through the length and breadth of the world, that joyful sound of "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men!" which had so long ceased to gladden the ears and to thrill the hearts of mankind. And why do I dwell upon this point? In order to impress upon you, my friends, the duty of seeking earnestly, and preserving faithfully as your dearest treasure, that new life which is the source of all that is truly deserving the name of great and glorious. It is in the strength of that faith which comes from Heaven, that man can alone carry out the great end of existence, and bring glory to God. I know that great earthly deeds may be performed without this inner principle; that a man may be a noble statesman, shaking the senate with his eloquence; a victorious warrior, winning every garland from the hand of fame; an enthusiastic patriot, dying in defence of his country's hearths and homes, and that he may live in the page of history, from generation to generation, and yet not possess the faith and love which flow down from "the seven spirits which are before the throne." But what are all earthly deeds, all human fame, compared with the religion that makes, nay, that is the life; which is a substance, a reality, a truth, and which when the noblest things of the world shall be absorbed in the

great gulf of forgetfulness, shall partake of an undying endurance? The earnest believer, though his position be obscure, though he has no larger platform than the shop, and no wider sphere than the desk, by his faithful discharge of his daily duties, by his patient submission, by his untarnished integrity, brings forth deeds which are woven into the golden web of God's remembrance, and shall meet with an eternal recompense of reward. The righteous," it is said, "shall be had in everlasting remembrance." Seek, then, not "the honour which cometh from men, but the honour which cometh from God." Strive to be like Luther in the simple grandeur of his faith; in the holy energy of his love. You cannot be assimilated to him in the external circumstances of your several lives, but you may be in the internal life which he drew from God. Your Divine Master has not summoned you to the position which the Reformer occupied, or entrusted you with the work which he was called upon to do, but you have all your peculiar mission, and *this* you may perform with honour to yourselves and advantage to your fellow-men. You are provided with plenty of scope for glorifying God in the daily duties of life, in its daily sacrifices and self-denial, and each of you can do something as members of a Christian community to help on the cause of order, and freedom, and truth, and to give a sensible impulse to whatever is good in the onward progress of the times. "Quit you then like men,"—Christian men, "and be strong." The fountain, at which the Reformer drank in all the inspiration of his faith, is open to you. The same Saviour with his boundless love is yours; the same spirit with

His energizing power; the same Bible with its eternal truths; the same throne of grace to which you can approach as boldly; and if you think and feel and act as he did, as men actuated by the love of God, yours shall be the same sentence of approbation at the last great day of account, and no higher can be imagined or desired,—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

HENRY MARTYN.

"Here Martyn lies! In manhood's early bloom
The Christian hero found a Pagan tomb;
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,
Points to the glorious trophies which he won;
Eternal trophies, not with slaughter red,
Not stained with tears by hopeless captives shed,
But trophies of the Cross. For that dear name
Thro' every form of danger, death, and shame,
Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,
Where danger, death, and shame, are known no more."

On the last occasion when I had the pleasure of addressing you, my subject was the life of that "solitary monk who shook the world," and who was the instrument under God of giving back to Christendom the heritage of religious truth. Martin Luther, the son of the miner of Mansfeldt,—whose great heart was inflamed by a zeal kindled at no earthly altar, and in whose breast there struggled the ennobling influences of a heaven-born faith, which urged him onwards in his righteous aggression against Rome,—then demanded our sympathies, and claimed our attention.

This evening I have selected as my theme another miner's son,—Henry Martyn, whose father originally worked as a common labourer in the mines of Gwenap,

in Cornwall. The lives of these two men of God, their characters, their vocation in the world, were as dissimilar as the ages in which their several lots were cast. Round Luther there gathers more of a chivalrous and romantic interest. The century in which he lived, giving birth to great men and great events; the magnificence of the Papal throne, against which he entered into conflict; his imperial soul, which no power could fetter, and no tyranny could daunt; his far-piercing intellect, which detected and laid bare the most subtle and astute sophistries of Rome's most celebrated priests; that energy, that endurance, which have gained for him a wide-world fame,—all combine to invest his history with a vivid and peculiar attractiveness.

Far different is it with the comparatively uneventful life of Henry Martyn. He moves in a more contracted sphere. His deeds rivet not the eyes of Europe. He fronts no kings, is brought before no rulers; he achieves no exploits of daring; his name belongs rather to the home circle of the church than to the vaster arena of the world.

And yet I trust that we shall find much to animate, to encourage, to ennoble, in the record of that more limited career through which he was enabled to serve and glorify his God. The humblest flower that lies in beauty at our feet has its divine teachings, as well as the brightest star which shines in the firmament above.

It comes not within my power to-night to adduce thrilling statements of human enterprise, or to tell of deeds of heroic daring, such as make the pulse beat high and the heart throb quick: though I shall have to speak of sacrifice and endurance; and of a man who, though

of himself obscure, was rendered noble by the glory of a divine love, which inspired and upheld him in the cause of God and of his Christ.

There are names in ecclesiastical biography far more conspicuous than his who is to engage our attention; but I doubt much whether any one of them, though some belong to those who sleep in the martyr's grave, and wear the martyr's crown, ever laid himself more willingly "a living sacrifice" on the altar of the Lord, and more readily surrendered love, and fame, and country, at the call of what he believed to be a duty, than did Henry Martyn.

From the great world without there are often borne to our ears high-sounding words about heroes and heroic deeds; and if you ask the world for the men it dignifies with the title, and whose names are written down amongst its annals, it will point you to the man of high daring and lofty enterprise; to the conqueror on the red field of war; or to the patriot who bravely defends the altars and the homes of his native land. And I am not insensible to the charms that invest the chivalrous deed or the patriotic exploit; and the heart must be cold and dull which does not kindle as it thinks of the soldier who, not for a selfish end, not that he may weave the laurel round his own brow, but like that venerable old man who was lately laid in the grave with a nation's tears, goes forth at the call of his country, to dare, to sacrifice, to endure, only so far as she commands, and having performed his mission returns home again to repose gratefully amongst the citizens whose rights he has defended, and whose liberties he has secured.

The heroic element exists in such a character, and

demands our warmest recognition. True greatness is not to be measured by cities ravaged, and nations conquered, and villages overrun in order that one man may set his individual self on a pedestal which culminates above the world; but rather is it to be looked at through the light of self-sacrifice, when the strongest ties are broken, and the fondest hopes are quenched; and danger is braved, and toil is endured, that others may benefit by the peril that has been encountered, and the enjoyment that has been resigned. And if this spirit of self-sacrifice must enter into the character of every one who deserves the name of hero, then where are we to turn for the most striking illustrations of this virtue? where shall we find the most touching records of men who with no earthly reward in prospect, with no hope of public honour, or glory, or gain, have trampled on every selfish thought, content to bear all that wrings the heart or wears down the frame: yea, to be brought face to face with death, that others may obtain blessings only to be obtained through their loss. Where are we to turn for such examples as these? Not to the red scutcheon on which is emblazoned the name of the warrior; not to the marble monument on which is engraven the form of the statesman, however deserving he may have been, and however worthy a place in the great heart of a nation's love, but to the record of some Missionary Society, where I read of men who have forgotten kindred and country, and all that is most dear in life, and have hastened to polar snows, and to burning sands, that they may carry the tidings of salvation to the benighted and degraded of their race, not shrinking even from death, but "hazarding their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Poetry may pour the full splendour of its impassioned praise over the patriotism of a Tell, who, fearless as the storm which plays round one of the mountain summits of the glorious country of his birth, wrenched the iron yoke of foreign despotism from his native land; or may weave into its melodious strains the deeds of that other, and not less noble, Swiss,* who, that a breach might be made in the serried line of the enemy, sprang forth from the ranks, and opening wide his arms clasped to his heart as many as possible of the foemen's spears; giving them his own breast for a living sheath, that his country might be saved.

Or it may chaunt the fame of Christopher Columbus who braved the dangers of an untravelled sea that he might find a readier path to the rich and gorgeous East; and whose adventurous spirit was at length rewarded by seeing a new world rising majestically up out of the bosom of the deep.

Every one admires, and every one is ready to extol, these magnanimous feats of chivalrous devotion and mighty enterprise; but if we embalm in our memories the names of those who have thus won for themselves a page in the history of the world, shall we not esteem

* Arnold of Winkelried.

"He of battle-martyrs chief!
Who, to recall his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering, with a wide embrace,
Unto his single heart, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears."

WORDSWORTH.

worthy of our admiration and our praise the zeal of the Christian Missionary, who breaks up every fondest association that he may encounter the perils of the ocean, the hardships of unhealthy climes, and intercourse with the savage and the barbarous,—having but the one holy object in view, that of telling the simple story of the cross in the ears of those perishing millions who are ignorant of the grace and riches of the love of God?

Is not a Brainard, a Schwartz, a Williams, all of them martyrs in spirit, and one of them in terrible reality, deserving a niche in the temple of fame; and should not their names have a place on the starry bead-roll which is consecrated to those who have been the benefactors of mankind? And Martyn, who forms the subject of my lecture to-night; Martyn, who, though crowned with the highest honours a University could bestow, and distinguished by talents which attracted the admiration of one of our most celebrated seats of learning, joyfully abandoned the shades of academic renown for a tempestuous ocean and a burning clime, that every energy of mind and body might be devoted to the service of the cross; shall we not venerate his memory, and give him a foremost place amongst the objects of our regard? As we advance in his history, it will be seen by you all that he was endowed with a patience, a fortitude, a humility, a love, a zeal for the divine glory and the salvation of men, such as has not been often paralleled since the days that Apostles trod the earth, and made manifest in every place the savour of the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Henry Martyn was born in Truro, in the county of Cornwall, in the year 1781, being the third child of a numerous family. His father, a man in humble life, with little education, appears to have been gifted by nature with a large share of energy, mental as well as physical; for it is recorded that he seized on every period of relaxation from manual labour, and devoted it to the improvement of his mind. By his own exertions he raised himself from a state of poverty and depression to one of comparative ease and comfort, and obtained a situation as chief clerk in the office of one Mr. Daniel, a merchant of Truro.

Little is known of Henry Martyn's childhood, nor is there any full account of his school-days. There is enough, however, to tell us that he was a boy of a natural gentleness of spirit,—inferior to most of his companions in bodily strength, of good abilities, but of little application. It is evident that even as a boy he was not without a certain resoluteness of will, for when he was between fourteen and fifteen years of age he went to offer himself for a candidate for a vacant scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Though so young, and without any interest in the University, and with only a single letter to one of the tutors, he went there alone; and though he was unsuccessful in his object, yet, with able opponents, he passed so good an examination that some of his examiners thought he ought to have been elected.

There was, however, a special Providence overruling his failure at this time. Had he succeeded, the whole colour of his future life would have been changed, and his spiritual welfare would have been injured by his tem-

poral success. He confesses to this himself, in an account prefixed to his private journal many years after. "Had I remained, and become a member of the University at that time, as I should have done in case of success, the profligate acquaintances I had there would have introduced me to scenes of debauchery, in which I must, in all probability, from my extreme youth, have sunk for ever." But God was merciful to him, and withheld him from a sphere in which even he, with all his pure instincts and earnest aspirations, would have sunk down into all that is degrading; making, like too many others who have been exposed to the fires of temptation, his body the grave and sepulchre of his soul.

He was just at that time of life when the character is most susceptible of impressions for good or evil. And had he come in contact with associates who would have fostered his worser impulses, had his mind been corrupted by those whose great pleasure it is to make the innocent as vile as themselves, he might have been trammelled for ever in the bondage of evil, and have gone down to an unhonoured tomb, "wounded and slain by the sins of his youth." The Lord was with his young servant; and when, two years after, he became a student of St. John's College, Cambridge, the circle into which he was introduced was one to advance rather than to retard his best interests; while the true friendships he formed there lasted through life, and many of them are now renewed in eternity. I believe there is nothing that tells so much upon our after career as the friends we make when first we leave the domestic circle and are thrown upon the world. We are all so constituted as

members of the human family, that we are acted upon by the companions with whom we associate, and become in a measure assimilated to those into whose society we are much thrown. This is a truth which I would impress on the youthful portion of my hearers. I would beseech them, with all earnestness, to beware of selecting as friends any whose moral principles are not sound, any who care nothing for the salvation of that soul for which Christ died. Be not induced to choose your companions, as many do, for the brilliancy of their talents, or the fascination of their address, or because they possess endowments and advantages which render them attractive and prepossessing. The very thing which clothes their friendship with so much danger is the specious charm with which they can invest sin, and the subtle grace which they can throw round a false or an infidel sentiment. There is no surer way to wring the hearts of all who long for your best interests, no surer way to bring a blight upon your prospects here and hereafter, no surer way to lay up reproach and remorse for yourselves in after days, than to associate with the sceptic just because he happens to be witty, or with the sensualist just because he can make himself entertaining; and to suffer yourselves to be seduced from the paths of virtue by the profane and the scornful, who delight to get hold of the young and inexperienced, and to make them "twofold more the child of hell than themselves." See that you consort willingly with none but the wise, the virtuous, the righteous; with those whose aspirations are high, and whose aims are holy,—whoset reasure is in heaven, and whose "affections are set upon things

above." I would enforce my words by reminding you of the statement of the Apostle Paul: "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" and by recalling the words of the royal Solomon: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

The first years of Henry Martyn's College life present nothing particular for comment; he pursued the noiseless tenor of his way in a manner which called for general approbation; he was externally moral, and now unwearied in his application.

But there is a wide distinction between natural virtue and divine holiness. The spiritual element had not yet been infused into his character. His goodness was the offspring of natural temperament and social culture, and was not based on that "clean heart and right spirit" which are the new creation of God. It is well we should have clear views on the difference between virtue and grace. There is something more required than the beauties of a natural character to fit a man for "the inheritance of the saints in light." There must be a harmony between the soul and the mind of God. The virtuous man is not necessarily a holy man; and "without holiness no man can see the Lord." The spirit of God must brood over the dark waters of the natural heart, and call life, and light, and order out of the confused and distempered chaos, or there can never be that conformity to Christ in which consist the main elements of the Christian character.

Now I wish you to observe that Henry Martyn, truthful, upright, large-hearted, clear-headed, winning

the love and ensuring the respect of all, was not yet a "spiritual man;" he was still "living without God in the world."

One exception to his general amiability of character lay in a certain irritability of temper which was natural to him, and which had been increased during his younger days by the tyranny and oppression of some of the elder boys in the school where he was educated. These sudden gusts of passion had on one occasion nearly brought the sin of blood-guiltiness on his soul. A friend excites his anger, and Henry Martyn, obeying the first violent impulse of his disturbed temper, snatches a knife and throws it at the offender, not knowing but that it may be buried in his heart. Through the goodness of God he missed his aim, and the knife, glancing by his friend, was left trembling in the wall. Another proof that his heart was far from God at this time is given in his unbecoming bearing, not only to a loving and pious sister, but likewise to his kind and indulgent father.

His youngest sister, meek, heavenly-minded, and affectionate, was most anxious about his spiritual state, and often in the tenderest manner urged upon him the solemn claims of religion.

He thus writes in after years of the sinful frame of mind by which he was animated during a summer vacation spent with his family:—"I do not remember a time in which the wickedness of my heart rose to a greater height than during my stay at home. The consummate selfishness and exquisite irritability of my mind were displayed in rage, malice, and envy; in pride and vain glory, and contempt of all; in the harshest language to

my sister and even to my father, if he happened to differ from my mind and will! I left my sister and father in October, and him I saw no more. I promised my sister that I would read my Bible for myself, but on being settled in College, Newton engaged all my thoughts."

But there now comes a turning point in his history. An event takes place which is overruled to his eternal good. In the midst of scientific pursuits and literary attainments, God shows him that there is "one thing needful," and that without this all human knowledge is but hollow and vain.

It is the Christmas of 1794, and he has just passed a most successful examination. He is first among his competitors, and sends the joyful intelligence home. He hears in return that his father is delighted, and is not only in the highest spirits, but in the best of health. But in the very week after, he receives another letter; it is from his brother. He breaks the seal; he reads. His father is dead!

The sudden, the unexpected tidings, overwhelm him with anguish. Mournful thoughts of the last time he spent at home, and the pain he gave that father, and the neglect with which he treated him, now come over his mind, and tear it with a wild and hopeless grief. He can never more see him to ask forgiveness; he can never atone for past unkindness by filial obedience for the future. It is too late. Then thoughts of the invisible world force themselves on his mind; *he* also as well as his father must pass through the grave and gate of death. His spirits become affected; he is low and downcast. He takes no pleasure in his former studies;

he has no heart to pursue them. And now he begins to read the Bible. Newton, who has hitherto been his guide, leading him upwards to the star-paved firmament, and teaching him the wonderful harmonies of the universe, is left for that diviner book on whose pages the "bright and morning star" sheds its lustrous rays; and which tells how the "Sun of Righteousness, with healing on his wings," is ready to impart life and light to every benighted heart. At first he reads with a darkened understanding, and as much as a matter of duty as pleasure; but by degrees the spiritual discernment is imparted, through which he is enabled to see the great and glorious things which belong to the kingdom of God. He begins with the Acts of the Apostles, because he thinks it the most amusing portion of the Bible; but he is led insensibly to give attention to the words of our Lord and his Evangelists. The offers of mercy and forgiveness, so full, so free, fall upon his inquiring mind like the "tender dew upon the mown grass."

When he first began to read the Scriptures, he had also begun to pray; but at first with little sense of his own sinfulness, and therefore with little of that earnestness which is the sure accompaniment of a "broken spirit and a contrite heart." But now that he comprehends the grace and glory of the everlasting covenant—now that he understands how liberal, even as the air we breathe, or the sunlight that brightens around us, is the love and mercy of God in Christ, he prays with earnestness and hope to be made partaker of the rich blessings of salvation, and with an overflowing heart pours out his gratitude to the Lord for not leaving him without consolation. The workings of his heart were now freely dis-

closed to his sister, who joyfully helps him in the way of everlasting life; and under the pastoral instruction of the Rev. C. Simeon, of Trinity Church, Cambridge, he gradually acquires more knowledge in the ways of God. In him are verified the words of the wise man: "The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Sorrow in his case, as in many others, was the means of turning his soul to God; being sanctified, "it yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness," and out of the throes and agonies of internal tribulation, the new man was formed in his heart; even that "new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness."

Before the close of his academical career, Henry Martyn attained to that eminence on which, from his first entering College, his ambition had been fixed. He had toiled with such unwearied diligence in the hope of reaching this station of remarkable merit, that he was known in his College as "the man that had not lost an hour!" And now his study and solicitude were rewarded; and before he completed his 20th year, he obtained the highest honour the University can bestow—that of Senior Wrangler, in the January of 1801.

But he now, in the very moment of successful ambition, felt how utterly helpless are human attainments to fill the wants of the immortal soul. For there is a sense of dissatisfaction underlying the highest of earthly distinctions. The curse of barrenness is upon all. There are cravings in the heart of man which the husks of the world cannot satisfy.

What were the feelings of the successful candidate himself on this occasion? "I obtained my highest

wishes, but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow!" The confession of Kirke White to an intimate friend, after a similar triumph at Cambridge, may be well placed side by side with that of Henry Martyn. "Were I to paint," he says, "a picture of Fame crowning a distinguished undergraduate, after the senate-house examination, I would represent her as concealing a death's head under a mask of beauty." Poor White fell an early victim to his consuming thirst for academic honours. He entered the arena of competition with the seeds of death already sown in his frame through protracted hours of study, and found in the place to which he so long looked forward with hope, "only a hot-bed to ripen them."

How eloquent are such records as these of the vanity of human ambition! "Vanity and vexation of spirit" is written in the clearest characters on all the pursuits that are only of this world. The testimony of even the most successful candidates in the arena of human honours bears out the assertion of the inspired book, "that man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain;" that "he spends his money for that which is not bread, and his labour for that which does not satisfy." Want ye proof of this? Then listen to the poet's strains, and you will find that his melodious songs are but one long-drawn sigh, as he mourns over the hollowness and disappointments of earth. Or search the page of history, and you will discover the same solemn truth; for it is one which has been written in the tears, and registered in the sorrows, of mankind. You hear it in the lamentations of conquerors who have vanquished the world, and wept that no other world remained

to be overcome; it is attested by the repinings of the man of pleasure, who has drained every cup of enjoyment, and has gone the round of all human delight; it is confirmed by the confession of statesmen, who have shaken the senate-house by their eloquence, and directed a nation by their wisdom. "Vanity and vexation of spirit" has been inscribed on the proudest triumphs of their greatness, and engraven on the loftiest monuments of their fame. But although I thus speak of the inability of any earthly object to fill the craving desires of a soul made at first in the image of God, and therefore only to be satisfied with what is Godlike, I would not be understood as uttering a word in condemnation of intellectual and scientific pursuits. It is becoming a being so richly endowed as man with the noblest capacities, to make truth his guide, and the acquisition of sound knowledge his aim; to soar with the astronomer to the boundless fields of space, fretted with golden fires; to dive with the geologist into the lower parts of the earth, where nature carries on her various processes in darkness and mystery; to disport with the naturalist among the flowers pencilled by the Almighty's hand, and to study under his teachings the habits of the animated tribes which either tenant the earth, or skim the waters, or inhabit the air. Far be it from any one to lay an arresting finger on the diffusion of knowledge, or to look with a jealous eye on any honest investigation into the works of the Creator, for science is alike dignified and sanctified when she consecrates her energies to the shedding new light and lustre on the manifold wisdom and goodness of God. You cannot be too learned, too acute, too intelligent, if only, instead of debasing the royal dowry of

intellect into a means of fostering vanity and pride, and ensuring worldly applause, you exalt it into the hand-maiden of religion, and sanctify human talent to the glory of the Giver and the advancement of your fellow men. That the most vigorous pursuit after truth can never be dangerous to the man who engages in it with a reverent and devout spirit, is strikingly illustrated by the example of a Locke and a Newton, who, though they proved themselves the possessors of powers of mind gigantic alike in discovery and research, ever, amidst all their learning, came and laid them down by those green pastures through which flows the pure river of the water of life, that, drinking deeply from the "wells of salvation," they might obtain refreshment for their weary and exhausted souls. So possible is it for piety and intellect to move on in harmony together—yea, for the loftiest attainments in human science, to consist with the noblest in divine!

Before Henry Martyn finished his academical course, he won fresh honours; in 1802 he was chosen Fellow of St. John's; and very shortly afterwards he was awarded the first prize for the best Latin prose composition; "a distinction the more remarkable, as from his entrance into the University he had directed an unceasing and almost undivided attention to mathematics." But the "honour which cometh from man" now occupied but a secondary place in his mind; he was also alive to his best interests; and it was his delight as well as his endeavour to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

A friendship which he at this time formed with Mr. Simeon was the instrument of much profit to his soul,

and under God became the means of turning his thoughts to the Christian ministry, and of giving birth to a desire in his heart of devoting himself to this high and holy calling.

The close of this year was a remarkable one in Martyn's life. He had already dedicated himself to the ministry of the Gospel; but he is about to give new proof of his faith, fresh evidence of his love. He is one day in the company of Mr. Simeon, when that good man happens to make a remark on the untold benefits which result from the services of even a single missionary. The person alluded to was Dr. Carey, in whose heart the love of the Lord Jesus Christ burned brightly, and who went forth in the strength of God to Hindostan, that he might assail the most stupendous system of idolatry ever framed by the great adversary of souls. Martyn's attention is at once arrested; his thoughts are filled with the vast importance of the missionary subject, and his soul is stirred within him at the thought of these perishing millions who are ignorant of the name of Jesus. He now reads the life of David Brainard, who having laboured with remarkable success amongst the North American Indians, "died in the Lord" at the early age of 32: and he resolves, in the ardour of a holy emulation, to follow his noble and blessed example. The determination is made in no light or empty spirit; he has a heart warmly attached to home, and friends, and country; he is fondly devoted to the refined enjoyments of social and literary life; and he feels the extent of the sacrifice he must make, and the trials he must endure. He is no quixotic enthusiast; no wild adventurer; he sits down and counts the cost.

On the one side is the happiness of home and a splendid career, and all the tender associations that bind us to loving companions and attached friends; on the other are the hardships of a foreign land, and communion with the ignorant and unenlightened, and a residence amongst strangers animated by no ties of sympathy or affection. But then into the latter scale he throws the glory of his Saviour, which may be furthered through his devotion to the work, and the interest of immortal souls, and the command of his master, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." You cannot wonder, therefore, that he does not hesitate which path to choose, the flowery one of self-indulgence, or the thorny one of self-denial. The latter is his election, and he offers himself as a Missionary to the noble Society for missions to Africa and the East, now known by the name of the Church Missionary Society,—an institution largely owned of God in the conversion of many thousands of souls.

It was in the Cathedral Church of Ely, in the October of 1803, that Henry Martyn took upon him the solemn office of an ambassador of Christ, dedicating himself to God as the messenger of His will and the teacher of His truth. He was deeply impressed with the weight of his ordination vows, and would have been overwhelmed by the thought of his responsibility, had he not leaned on the strength of Him who, before he passed into the heavens, left the promise to His disciples, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

That which was a comfort to Polycarp as a Bishop, was his consolation as a Deacon,—that he who was constituted *overseer* of the church was himself *overlooked*

by Jesus Christ; and that in the discharge of his office as pastor of the flock, he was ever under the gracious superintendence of that great and good shepherd who "laid down his life for the sheep." His pastoral duties were commenced under the auspices of Mr. Simeon, in the Church of the Holy Trinity in Cambridge; and he likewise undertook the charge of the parish of Lolworth, a small village at no great distance from the University. A few months after his ordination, his design of leaving England as a missionary seemed on the point of being frustrated by the loss of his slender patrimony—a loss in which his sister was involved. Independently of his pecuniary resources being thus cut off, he did not think it justifiable to leave his sister in a distress which his presence in England might remove. The trial was sharp, but he bore it patiently, for he felt that the Lord was doing all things well. His friends at this time did all that lay in their power to obtain for him the situation of Chaplain to the East India Company, for which they thought him peculiarly fitted, and their endeavours were not long after crowned with success. The marriage of his sister left him at liberty to accept the appointment. In the intermediate time we find him zealously pursuing his parochial duties, fulfilling the office of Examiner in St. John's College, to which he was three several years elected, and "fighting the good fight of faith" with the world without and the heart within. His journal during this period, while it tells us of his fervency in prayer, also reveals to us the severe conflict which was carried on in his soul between the old man and the new; the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit lusting against the flesh. The Christian life has the same development in all that are born of God; and still the cry uttered long

ago by a saint in ancient days, has to be echoed back by each true member of the Church of Christ—"O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!"

In the March of 1805, he was admitted to the functions and privileges of a Presbyter at St. James's Chapel, London; after which he received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, conferred on him by the University of Cambridge. Nothing now remained to detain him in England; his way was opened to depart from her shores for ever. There is a great struggle in his heart when the summons at length reaches him that he must go. All that he is to leave, all that he is to endure, rushes upon his mind. There is tumult and anguish in his soul, and sorrow such as they feel whose heart-strings are torn by sudden and painful partings. Thus he writes in his journal—"I shed tears at night at the thought of my departure, and the roaring sea that would be soon rolling between me and all that is dear to me upon earth." He has not only to sever the fond ties of family and friendship; more tender and stronger cords are to be burst asunder. He has formed a deep and fervent attachment to a lady in Cornwall, "an attachment which," says his intimate friend and biographer, "whether he thought, as he afterwards did, that it should be encouraged, or as he now did, that from peculiar circumstances it ought to be repressed, equally exhibits him as a man of God whose "affections were set upon things above, and not on things on the earth." There was a difference of opinion respecting the propriety of his union among his friends, and his own mind often felt a conflict on the point; at times he seemed to think voluntary celibacy the more noble and glorious life; at others

his heart strongly inclined to marriage. There may have been something of weakness and indecision in this; but we are speaking not of an angel but of a man; one of like passions with ourselves, and compassed about with like infirmity. When at length it was decided he should go out single, even if afterwards he might find it well to persuade Miss Grenfell to join him in India—and she, before his departure, made no objection to this latter arrangement,—his entries in his journal betray how deeply he felt the separation—"My heart is ready to break with agony; why have my friends mentioned the subject? It has torn open old wounds, and I am again bleeding." He saw her no more after he left England, and in consequence of the disappointment a darkness fell upon his life, out of the shadow of which he never entirely passed. But we must touch this part of our subject with a gentle hand. There are certain feelings of the heart over which it is becoming to throw the delicate veil of silence:

> "Not easily to be forgiven
> Are those, who, setting wide the doors that bar
> The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
> Let in the day."

Enough has been said to show you that Martyn felt the trial, and felt it acutely; that it entered even as a sharp sword into his soul; and yet that he counted all things but loss for Christ, and was content to lose all for Him. He was one who yearned after the sympathy and society of his fellows, and shrunk sensitively from the sadness of a lonely life. But all was overcome by the constraining motives of love and duty. "Shall I hesitate," says he, "to pass my days in constant solitude,

who am but a 'brand plucked from the burning?' No, thought I, hell and earth shall never keep me back from my work; I am cast down but not destroyed."

Here, my friends, is a determination which we may all write upon our hearts; it is a noble and a lofty sentiment—"hell and earth shall never keep me back from my work." It is the very same spirit which wrought in St. Paul, when he said, "I count not my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God." It is the very same spirit which animated Luther when he exclaimed, in answer to the remonstrance of the friends who would have dissuaded him from his journey to Worms, "If they were to kindle a fire between Wittemburg and Worms, which would reach to the heavens, I would still appear in the name of the Lord, and enter the jaws of Behemoth, and treading between his teeth, confess Christ, and leave him to do his pleasure."

I delight to dwell upon the words "hell and earth shall never keep me back from my work," for they tell of faith and fortitude, and a manly, robust, energetic religion; a religion not of sentiment or profession, not of frames and feelings, but one which so brings the soul into contact with the stupendous realities of eternity, that we are ready to suffer the loss of all things that we may win Christ, and be found in Him. Oh, that we might be taught by that holy man who uttered them a lesson in devotedness to God; that we might learn from him how it invests our life with an untold majesty to lay it thus willingly on the Lord's altar, and to clasp to our bosom the reproach of Christ!

Poor Martyn was now suffering indeed, for he was taking up his master's cross, and the iron was entering his soul. Yea, it may be said that he was now "striving" against the natural desires of the mind, "resisting even unto blood;" not the blood which flows from the flesh by the sword or the spear, but that which is drawn from the heart, when it bleeds itself away drop by drop under some great and agonizing sorrow. There is something in the history of that internal conflict which warred in the breast of this devoted servant of God, which is peculiarly valuable to all who have engaged in the "good fight of faith." We have here a man exercised with the same feelings as ourselves, shrinking from the difficulties before him, cut to the quick by the keen knife of affliction, and yet so full of zeal in the Lord's service that he submits to everything, encounters everything, for Christ's sake and the Gospel's.

When the novelist or the romancist draw upon their imaginations for a hero, they not unfrequently present us with some model of superhuman excellence, who smiles in lofty disdain on the sorrows which beset his path, and moves about on earth like a denizen of another sphere. And as we read we feel that a man of this unearthly virtue soars far beyond our humble powers of imitation. But in Henry Martyn we have a man in temperament, in constitution, in sensibility, like one of ourselves; whose journal reveals to us that his soul was well acquainted with the harassments of sin, and the assaults of the evil one, and the motions of that carnal heart which is natural to every child of Adam. Therefore his example is valuable, for it tells us how this same fleshly mind which cleaves to us all, do what we will to get rid

of it, is so far from being a proof, as we might imagine, that we do not belong to the family of heaven, that it exists in the holiest of men, and that through grace it may be so far subdued as not to interfere with our hearty service of God, or entire surrender of ourselves to his service. We see in the case of Martyn how every "thought was brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ;" how he voluntarily resigned a bright and splendid career, and all that had hitherto been his pleasure and delight, and how he resolved to pass the rest of his life with no other source of happiness than that which proceeds from the worship and service of God. Whatever, then, be the discouragements in your Christian life, whether from the evil heart within, or from the wicked world without, or from the fiery darts of the adversary himself, be not disheartened; let God be your strength, and prayer your resource, and the spirit your helper, and you shall yet come forth victorious from the hard-fought battle, and shall be "made more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

In the July of 1805, Martyn sailed from Portsmouth in the Union East Indiaman, which was to convey him to Calcutta. After ten days the ship came to anchor in the port of Falmouth, where she was detained for upwards of three weeks; and he embraces the opportunity of once more enjoying the society of his friends, before he bids them farewell for ever. The pleasure, however, great as it was, was more than counterbalanced by the pangs of another separation. He was in the company of the person to whom he was bound by the tenderest ties, when the signal was made for sailing, and he hurried on board with the melancholy certainty of never beholding her again. For the greater part of this and the following

day, Cornwall was in sight, and every object on the receding shore, hamlet, and wood, and headland, reminded him of scenes linked for ever with his fondest recollections, and of pleasures never to be tasted more. I know nothing more touching in the whole range of biography than the entry in his journal which records his feelings at this moment of separation from all that he loved on earth. "England had disappeared, and with it all my peace; the pains of memory were all I felt. Would you go back, I said? Oh, no; but how can I be supported? My faith fails. Oh, my friends in England, when we spoke with exultation of the mission to the heathen, whilst in the midst of wealth, and joy, and hope, what an imperfect idea did we form of the sufferings by which it must be accomplished!" But his feelings were not always of this plaintive melancholy cast; he was often able to rise above the sorrows of time, and to rejoice in the glories to be revealed. Sometimes, as he stood upon the deck gazing at the beauties of the setting sun, and beholding how his rays tinged the floating masses of cloud with gold and vermilion, his thoughts would soar to those realms of glory lit up with the shinings of the Almighty's face. Sometimes, when meditating on the word of God, or preaching to the ship's company from some inspired text, he found joy unspeakable in letting his thoughts dwell on the "rest that remaineth for the people of God," and the boundless love and joy that reign in that celestial city where there shall be but "one fold and one shepherd," and which has the gate of pearl, and the wall of jasper, and the street of gold. Nor were his days during the voyage spent in inactivity. The Apostle's exhortation seemed to be the daily rule of his life; "not slothful in business,

fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer." He was ever about his Master's business. During the eight months for which his voyage lasted, he was constant in his labours among the soldiers, and officers, and cadets, who where on board, and was willing to become all things to all men that by any means he might gain some. His pastoral assiduity was also called into exercise by the unhealthy state of the ship's company. Often was he found by the beds of the sick, administering to their every temporal and spiritual comfort, till at length he himself was seized by the contagious disorder. As soon as he recovered he was again at his post, kneeling beside the hammocks of the sick and dying, speaking a "word in season to the weary," and pointing the eye of faith and hope to that Saviour who "gave his life a ransom for many." He was ever busy in offices of tenderness and love, soothing the wretched, teaching the uninstructed, and giving himself up to the service of the sinful and the suffering with all the warmth and alacrity of the most active benevolence. And this exhibition of a fine Christian philanthropy was given amid much to damp its ardour, and to check its sympathies, for he met with not a little contradiction and insult from those who were opposed to the gospel, and could not endure its faithful appeals to their consciences. Obloquy and contempt, noise and clamour, and scoffs, assailed him, as influenced by the imperious sense of duty and the tender overflowings of love, he warned the ungodly to "flee from the wrath to come," and besought them, even weeping, to take refuge in Christ. We may well believe that a spirit so sensitive as his, and yearning after the sympathy

of his fellow men, felt the scorn and the derision, and was wounded by the contempt and disdain; "but none of these things moved him" from his righteous walk, or made him falter one jot or one tittle in the discharge of what he believed to be a serious and paramount duty. The irritability which once characterised his temper had been subdued by grace, and he that once in passion threw the knife at his friend, is now content to be accounted "the offscouring of all things." What cannot the spirit of God effect? Mighty things and wonderful. He can "make low the mountains" of sin in the human heart, and "exalt the valleys" of indifference; he can "make the crooked straight, and the rough places plain." He can stir the soul of man from the slumber of death into the sensibilities and energies of life. He can hush the warring passions of the heart into the stillness and quiet of repose. He can give the faith which overcometh the world; and the love which embraces man in God; and the hope which maketh not ashamed, and is full of immortality. Yea, He can make things invisible so overshadow things that are seen, and things eternal so outweigh the things of time, that the visible and the temporal shall only be as dust in the balance, and the pleasures of earth shall be forgotten in the happiness of heaven.

And now we must look at Martyn as he reaches the goal of all his desires and wishes, and, after a long and wearisome voyage of eight months, at length sets foot on the Indian shore. India is a land whose very name gives birth to a train of the most stirring emotions in the mind. We cannot think of this country without letting the mind dwell on the magnitude of a region, some of

whose kingdoms are clothed with a rich and oriental beauty, and flooded with the brilliancy of a tropical sun, while other parts of its territories are visited by the keen blasts of winter, and contain that magnificent mountain-chain which from its eternal frosts has been named the "Him-âlaya," or, "the dwelling-place of snow." Though in portions flat and monotonous, India has many a region of exquisite loveliness. Its plains are enriched by the feathery palm and the stately banyan; there rise the yellow tulip-tree, and the splendid aloe with its magnificent blossoms; and there the orange, and the lime, and the citron, scent the gales with their aromatic breath. Spreading jungles are there, which afford shelter to the tawny lion and the ivory-toothed elephant; and green forests, amidst whose clustering foliage "strange bright birds" glitter like lustrous stars through the shades of the dusky night. Rich mines are there, whence gold and precious metals are dug, and in whose soil diamonds and costly jewels lie imbedded.

Here Alexander the Great fought, and Timour the Tartar carried on his conquests. Here Aurungzèbe lived in a splendour which recalls the wild magnificence of eastern romance; and Hyder Ali, the remorseless tyrant and the sensual voluptuary, warred with the English, and subverted the throne of Mysore. And here Tippoo Saib, his cruel and bigoted son, was the master of wealth and treasures to an almost fabulous amount. Here it was that Robert Clive, described by Pitt as a heaven-born general, achieved victories for England, consolidated her Eastern empire, and won fresh renown for the arms of his country. Here it was that Warren Hastings, a man blemished by great crimes, and

distinguished for great services, administered government and war; and here our honoured Wellington,

> "He that gain'd a hundred fights,
> Nor ever lost an English gun;
> Against the myriads of Assaye
> Clash'd with his fiery few and won."

And images of other men, less rich indeed in the honour which cometh from the world, but more wealthy in that honour which cometh from God, rise up before the eye. Schwartz, rich in glowing piety and fervent zeal; Buchanan, who consecrated the brightest talents to the missionary work; Carey, the humble shoemaker of Northampton, who, friendless and poor, went forth to plant the standard of the cross on the vast plains of Hindostan, are all identified in our minds with India. And then that stupendous system of idolatry, with its thousands of priests and millions of worshippers, and throngs of pilgrims; with its splendid temples and magnificent processions; with its fearful orgies and abominable rites, rears its gigantic structure before us, cemented by the indissoluble bonds of caste, and rooted in the hearts of the people, as well from usage as from age. We see Benares, rich in temples and holy shrines; and Delhi, with its lofty mosques and graceful minarets; and the dark pagoda of Juggernaut, devoted to the worship of the spirits of darkness, and the scene of superstitious ceremonies, of a vileness and a pollution worthier devils than men. And then again it is impossible to think of India without the cloud rolling back from the eighteen centuries which have passed away since the first missionary trod its shores. It is said—and there is no reason to question the correctness of the

statement—that the Apostle who was permitted to put his hands into the sacred wounds of our Lord's body was the first who brought the knowledge of Christ to the ignorant Hindoos. Tradition marks the spot,—hence called St. Thomas's Mount, on which the Apostle who once doubted the resurrection of Jesus suffered martyrdom in his Master's cause. "When the Portuguese, at the commencement of the 16th century, first established themselves on the coast of Malabar, they found a community called the Syrian or St. Thomé Christians, because descended from the converts of the Apostle, whose church was episcopal in its constitution, and who, though surrounded by the darkness of Hindoo superstition and idolatry, faithfully though feebly preserved the light of heavenly truth for more that 1500 years."

It may not be out of place if I say a few words on the first missions to India. The Portuguese on their arrival sent forth teachers of the Romish faith to various parts of the country, who, leaving caste untouched, slightly modifying image worship, and confirming many of the superstitious observances of the heathen, received into the church all, of whatever character, who would submit to be baptised. For a time their efforts succeeded, and the number of converts was large; but their success was but of limited duration. When the Romish missions were in their decline, Frederick IV., King of Denmark, established a missionary station at Tranquebar, which town had been ceded to the Danish crown by the Rajah of Tanjore. In the early part of the 18th century the venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge undertook the sole support of a mission at Madras; and had the honour of sending forth a Schwartz to convey

to the east that glorious Gospel, whose words, when applied by the spirit of God, can create life under the ribs of death, and make man wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. But as yet the English church had no systematic organisation for direct missionary work amongst the millions upon millions that inhabited the peninsula of India. At length the time came when she was roused to a sense of her duty. Let us go back in thought about fifty-four years from this present time, and imagine ourselves to be in the metropolis of this great empire.

You see that little room in the heart of London; it is occupied by a few clergymen who have met together for the object of mutual edification. They have often assembled here for the purposes of devotion; but to-day there is a more than usual interest beaming in their eyes, and speaking in their voices, and breathing out from their whole manner. What can be the cause? It is the year in which Buonaparte, in the attempt to conquer Syria, crosses the desert from Cairo with 10,000 men, and taking Gaza, and storming Jaffa, butchers all the prisoners there in cold blood, and carries everything before him until he is baffled in his attempts to capture the ancient city of Acre. It is the year in which the groans that are borne from Africa and the West Indies grow hoarser and deeper; and the terrible cry of blood that ascends to the throne of God from the injured victims of the accursed slave trade begins to make itself heard throughout the country, and to arrest the ear and the heart of the senators and philanthropists of our island.

But it is neither the convulsions which reign in a

foreign land, nor the voices of the enslaved, that are borne from our colonies—though they have thrilled at the recital of the one, and sighed over the wail of the other—that occupy to-day the thoughts of these few parish priests assembled in that humble chamber. They are planning together how they may stir up the heart of England to undertake the great work of evangelising the world.

India and Africa, with their teeming multitudes of human beings wholly given over to idolatry, form the topic of their conversation. They determine in the strength of the Lord to do what lies in their power to send the glad tidings of the Gospel to the perishing millions who are ignorant of the name of Christ. Few they are, and feeble they are, but it is God's work, and they will not despair of success. And God's blessing rested on their faith and love. In His strength they formed the Church Missionary Society—a society which has swelled from an insignificant rill to a mighty river, the waters of which, carrying with them life and healing, have fertilised and gladdened many a parched and thirsty land.

"It was once said, and but too truly, that were British rule in India to become, in the changes brought about by the providence of God, a fact of history to-morrow, no visible impress of our faith would be left over whole provinces and kingdoms; nothing would remain to show that Englishmen fought beneath the banner of the cross, and remembered the God of battles in the victories which he himself vouchsafed." But, blessed be God! this can be said no more. I speak not merely of noble cathedrals erected, or simple churches established—of

the apparatus of mission stations and busy schools—of many a waste place in the wilderness now turned into the fertile garden of the Lord, "for temples made with hands" perish and decay, and the wild tornado of popular tumult can sweep away structures the noblest and the fairest, and leave not a wreck behind to tell of former glory; but I speak of monuments that never crumble nor corrode—of imperishable souls saved with an everlasting salvation; men, and women, and children, once bound in the hateful fetters of the vilest superstition, rescued from the tyranny of evil by the mighty power of the Gospel, and "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." Some of these there are, who even now, amidst the sorrows and temptations of a "world lying in the wicked one," are "adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things;" and some of these having "fought the good fight and kept the faith," have been drawn by the everlasting arms heavenwards up to paradise and peace, to join that bright company of the redeemed which rejoices ever in the presence of the Lord.

It was that he might win such immortal trophies for the glory of God, that Henry Martyn, with his powerful intellect, his simple faith, his burning zeal, devoted himself to the arduous work of a missionary in India. For a short period this holy man took up his residence at Aldeen, near Calcutta, where in the mission church he preached the Gospel to his countrymen; and his friends, thinking the place to be evidently suited to his talents, wished him to continue in this sphere. But it was truly said of him by Dr. Buchanan in his "Christian Researches," that he "had a spirit to follow the steps of

a Brainard and a Schwartz;" and to be prevented from going to the heathen, Martyn himself remarked on this occasion, "would almost have broken his heart." It was not long, therefore, before he set out for Dinapore; and having parted from his Christian brethren, who accompanied him part of the way up the Ganges, was for the first time left alone with none but the natives. Three especial objects engaged his attention upon reaching Dinapore;—to acquire such a facility in speaking Hindostanee as might enable him to preach in that language the Gospel of the grace of God; to establish native schools; and to prepare translations of the Scriptures, and religious tracts for circulation. During his voyage up the Ganges he had employed himself in translating the Parables, accompanied by remarks on those beautiful passages in God's words.

But no sooner had he passed from the Province of Bengal into that of Bahar, than he found the Baharree dialect must also be acquired; for as the people of India are divided into thirty-five different states, so do they speak thirty different languages; and though there is a close affinity between these tongues, yet a book in the dialect of one district is unintelligible to the inhabitants of another. These, and the many other difficulties which lay in the way of his work, could not fail of weighing oppressively on his mind; and had he not known that Christ is a sure refuge for all who put their trust in his love, he would have been overwhelmed with despair. And, alas, the conduct of his own countrymen stationed at Dinapore—their levity and profaneness, their dishonour of religion, their mind so opposed to the spirit of that Christianity which they professed,—was to this holy

man a cause of the bitterest trouble and even anguish of soul. With St. Paul he could say of those who were so unworthy the name of Christian, "Many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ." The natives, too, he thought regarded him with enmity and dislike; and his meek and tender spirit was pained and grieved, as he feared that he was the object of their contempt. Hence this mingled burst of sorrow and hope, which, proceeding from a heart overcharged with grief, found expression in the following words:—"Here every native I meet is an enemy to me because I am an Englishman. England appears almost a heaven upon earth, because there one is not viewed as an unjust intruder. But, oh! the heaven of my God, 'the general assembly of the first-born, the spirits of just men made perfect,' and Jesus! O, let me for a little while labour and suffer reproach."

His ministry as Chaplain at Dinapore was at its commencement not such as to cheer him: but after a time there were some amongst the English who became "his joy," and who will one day be "his crown of rejoicing." When he first began his duties at this station, he read prayers to the soldiers at the barracks on the long-drum, and as there was no place to sit, he was desired to omit the sermon. After a time he made arrangements for the more decorous celebration of divine service; but some of the resident families overstepped the limits of propriety and respect by asking him to desist from extempore preaching; and though when he heard the request he felt displeased and annoyed, yet he afterwards returned the answer,—perhaps a little sarcastic,—"that he would

give them a folio sermon-book, if they would receive the word of God on that account." His very endeavours at this time to bring the Gospel to bear upon the heathen, excited the dread and jealousy of some of the worldly and indifferent, lest it should excite a tumult amongst the natives;—as though the Gospel of the grace of God could do anything but pour oil on the troubled waters of the human heart, or introduce anything but peace and good will where it is received. With the moral character of the natives he was shocked and pained; and so great was their laxity of principle that their conversion to *nominal* Christianity would have been a matter of little or no difficulty. But this was not his object; and unless he considered them to be truly penitent and believing, he had no wish or intention to baptize them. He erected five schools at his own expense, which were well attended; and he now commenced divine worship in the vernacular tongue of India; at which Portuguese, Roman Catholics, and Mahomedans, attended in large and eager crowds. His time was also much occupied by religious discussions with his Moonshee and Pundit; and in these conferences he shewed much calmness and soundness of judgment; while his great powers of intellect, and his rich attainments in learning, were found useful auxiliaries in laying bare the subtleties and sophistries of his opponents.

His chief source of consolation at this time, and that which most cheered the solitariness of his lot, was the arrival of letters from his Christian friends at Calcutta, Mr. Brown and Mr. Corrie, and those which he received from England. He still corresponded with Miss Grenfell, and his letters tell painfully how much he felt

their separation, and how great was the struggle within, before he could say, "Abba, Father, not my will but thine be done!" He was ever hoping that she would consent to join him in his Indian home; and he longed for her presence the more because he thought their union would greatly tend to the extension of his own usefulness in the Missionary work. "My own earthly comfort and happiness," he writes, "are not worth a moment's notice; I would not influence you by any artifices or false representations. I can only say, that if you have a desire of being instrumental in establishing the Blessed Redeemer's kingdom among these poor people, and will condescend to do it, by supporting the spirit and animating the zeal of a weak messenger of the Lord, who is apt to grow very dispirited and languid, 'Come, and the Lord be with you!' It can be nothing but a sacrifice on your part to leave your valuable friends to come to one who is utterly unworthy of you, or of any other of God's precious gifts, but you will have your reward; and I ask it not of you or of God for the sake of my own happiness, but only on account of the Gospel's."

The answer to this letter was one which doomed him to the bitterness of disappointed hope. Miss Grenfell refused to leave England, partly at least, on her mother's account, who was naturally unwilling to be separated from her daughter, and partly it would seem from other reasons.* As before, in all times of his tribulation, so

* In Mr. Simeon's life there is given an entry from his journal in which, referring to Miss Grenfell, he says, "she stated to me all the obstacles to his (Martyn's) proposals:—First, her health; the second, the indelicacy of her going out to India alone on such an errand; third, her former engagement with

now, he sought and found consolation in prayer. You cannot read his life without being struck with the earnest and constant lifting up of his soul unto God. It might be truly said of him that "God was in all his thoughts." This was the secret of his steady advance in grace. It was through prayer that out of weakness he was made strong; through prayer that when in darkness he obtained light; through prayer that when in trouble he found peace. He sanctified everything by the word of God and prayer," and he found in both a source of an almost perpetual delight. I say "almost," for he had not always the same enlargement of heart in these holy exercises; at times he had to lament, even as others, the dulness and sluggishness of his approaches to the Throne of Grace, and his want of tenderness and faith when he sought to pour forth his supplications unto God. But what I want to impress on you, my dear friends, is this,—that prayer was the habit of his mind; the solace and support of his soul at all times and in all places. Let it be yours, too. Cultivate more and more the "spirit of grace and supplication;" for you may be assured that the true way of attaining conformity to the mind of Christ is to "continue instant in prayer." If you desire that the "peace of God which passeth all understanding should keep your hearts and minds by

another person, which had indeed been broken off, and he had actually gone up to London two years ago to be married to another woman, but as he was unmarried it seemed an obstacle in her mind; fourth, the certainty that her mother would never consent to it. On these points I observed, that I thought that the last was the only one that was insurmountable."—Vide Simeon's Life, p. 226.

Christ Jesus," you must attend to the Apostolic injunction, "Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God." It is through prayer that while the outward man perishes, "the inward man is renewed day by day." There never has been a man eminent for godliness who has not been a man of prayer: for if there be not constant and earnest communion with our Father in Heaven through that Spirit who "helpeth our infirmities, and maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered," faith becomes weak, love waxes cold, hope grows faint, religion degenerates into a dead and barren formalism, and profession becomes nothing better than a "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

But, besides "praying without ceasing," Martyn gave himself actively to the Lord's service in this season of trial, and by incessant labour brought to its completion a work, which, had he effected nothing else, would have proved that he had not lived in vain,—the translation of the Book of Common Prayer into the Hindoostanee tongue. His Commentary on the Parables was also in a very little while after brought to a successful conclusion. He now employs himself in completing a version of the Scriptures in Hindoostanee, and of superintending one in the Persian tongue; and so imperceptibly does the time fly while thus engaged, that "his days seem to pass like a moment."

But new sorrows await him. Letters from England convey the intelligence of the death of his eldest sister. The dispensation is most painful and trying, and the only thing which makes it supportable is the knowledge that she has passed from death into life, and emerged

from the shadows of the dark valley into the light and glory of the presence of the Lord.

"Oh, my heart! my heart!" he exclaims: "Is it, can it be, true that she has been lying so many months in the cold grave?" "O, great and gracious Lord, what should I do without thee! but now thou art manifesting thyself as the God of all consolation to my soul. Never was I so near to thee; I stand on the brink, and I long to take my flight! Oh, what hast thou done to alleviate the sorrows of life, and how great has been the mercy of God towards my family, saving us all! How dark and dreadful the separation of relatives in death, were it not for Jesus!" But though suffering acutely from this bereavement, he relaxed not in his "work of faith and labour of love;" he still continued "stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

In the month of April 1809, he was removed from Dinapore to Cawnpore, several hundred miles farther distant from Calcutta, and where there was as yet no church for the performance of his ministerial duties. He had procured the erection of a church at Dinapore; but we find him at Cawnpore, shortly after his arrival, preaching to a thousand soldiers drawn up in a hollow square, when the heat was so great, although the sun had not risen, that many actually dropped down, unable to support it. As an illustration of his zeal in God's service, it may be mentioned, that in one of the worst months for travelling through the upper provinces of Hindostan, on account of the intensity of the heat, he journeyed day and night upwards of 400 miles, that he might get the sooner to his work at Cawnpore; and

so much did he suffer on the way that he fainted as soon as he reached his destination.

There may have been rashness in putting his life to such a risk as this; but if there was, we forget it in the zeal which prompted the journey; and if we cannot unreservedly praise, we must assuredly admire, Oh, of the two extremes, give me the living enthusiasm of a love which forgets self in its yearning after the honour of the Lord, rather than that placid calmness of feeling which first consults for self, and then turns leisurely to the interests of God!

The close of the year 1809 was distinguished by the commencement of his first ministrations among the heathen. To prevent the recurrence of repeated interruptions on his valuable time, he had appointed all who needed temporal assistance to meet him on a stated day for the distribution of alms. Sometimes as many as from five to eight hundred beggars would assemble before his house; and he seized the opportunity of feeding them, not only with the bread which perisheth, but with the bread which cometh down from heaven. He had the satisfaction of seeing the number increase, and also a growing attention to the instructions which he delivered.

He had not been long settled at Cawnpore before he received another shock, similar to that which had overwhelmed him in the preceding year; for letters from Europe brought the sad intelligence that his youngest sister,—she who had been his first counsellor and guide in the way of peace,—had been removed from earth. "What is there now," he writes to the widowed husband, "what

is there now that I should wish to live for? O, what a barren desert, what a howling wilderness, does this world appear! But for the service of God in His church, and the preparation of my own soul, I do not know that I would wish to live another day." But these repeated trials were not without their blessings to his soul. They yielded many a "peaceable fruit of righteousness." Any one who reads his journal at this period must be struck with his advance in that "spiritual mind which is life and peace." He seems to grow in faith, and in love, and in the liberty which becometh one who is "not under the law but under grace." I think one great imperfection in his religious character before was a certain lack of that "spirit of adoption," whereby, with the feelings of a child, we cry, "Abba, Father!" He seemed at times to regard God too much as the Judge, "extreme to mark what is done amiss." He often permitted, moreover, his inward peace to depend in too great a measure on the frames and feelings of his mind at the time, so that unless he had always a conscious experience of joy, he was downcast and dispirited. But we must remember that he was constitutionally melancholy; that his conscience was peculiarly tender, and his spirit strikingly humble; and that there were seasons when he soared above all the infirmities which belonged to his natural temperament, and basked in the unclouded sunshine of his Father's face. There is one point worthy of observation as regarded his rejoicing in the Lord. His feelings of spiritual joy never exceeded the bounds of the most chastened sobriety; and when his heart was most in Heaven his spirit was most abased under the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." Fervent love and filial fear

met in a most blessed and holy union in his soul. When he was the child up in the bosom of his Father, he was at the same time the creature down in the dust before his God. And daily did he "grow in grace," gathering round him ever the lineaments of heaven, and a sanctity which breathed of the Paradise above. And as I have remarked, his trials were sanctified to an increasing growth in spirituality and the mind of Christ: he himself tells us he saw "Love inscribed on these afflictions." He was, indeed, a learner in the school of sorrow. And, dear friends, sanctified sorrow is a great teacher. There are some things that would remain for ever unknown were they not brought to light by tribulation. As darkness not only hides but reveals, so it is with sorrow. Suppose the sun were never to descend below the horizon, were always to irradiate our hemisphere, how much of the workmanship of God we should lose! It is the darkness which discloses the crescent moon as she walks majestically the azure heights of heaven, and shews us the lustrous troops of stars as they come up one by one through the far depths of the firmament, making the blackness of night beautiful with their brilliant fires. So it is with affliction. Were we permitted to live in the unbroken sunshine of prosperity, there are large portions of the word of God whose meaning we should not comprehend, whose application we should entirely lose. Rich promises are there, made only for the afflicted; "words in season," framed only for the weary; statements advanced solely for the sorrowful; consolation introduced entirely for the travailing and heavy-laden. So that trial, with all its dreariness and gloom, reveals to us the preciousness of truths of whose im-

estimable value we should without its help continue for ever in ignorance, and brings into prominence many a gracious promise which, like moon and planet, unless revealed by the shadows of night, would for ever remain hidden and shrouded from our gaze. And since it is when sorrow darkens our homes that the pages of the Bible glow with a tenfold radiance, unfolding many a bright star of hope and promise which would otherwise be overlooked and unappreciated, every Christian, when visited with seasons of trouble, may say with the Psalmist, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes."

But at length the time comes when his trials and labours, and the climate of India, begin to tell upon the health of this devoted servant of the Lord. His friends become alarmed and anxious, and one of them, Mr. Brown, of Calcutta, writes thus:—"You will know from our inestimable brother Corrie, my solicitude about your health. If I could make you live longer I would give up any child I have, and myself into the bargain. May it please the unsearchable and adorable Being with whom we have to do, to lengthen out your span!"

After a considerable struggle in his mind, Martyn determined to return for a short time to England, and though his affections were strongly drawn to his native land, and the friends that were there, yet he was loath to leave India, and his work among the heathen.

But his departure for England is deferred for a time, in order that he may visit Arabia and Persia, for the purpose of making as perfect as possible his Persian version of the New Testament. When his resolution is made known to his friends, Mr. Brown wrote him a

letter, in which he says—"How can I bring myself to cut the string and let you go? I confess I could not, if your bodily frame were strong and promised to last for half a century. But as you burn like the intenseness and rapid blaze of heated phosphorus, why should we not make the most of you? Your frame may last as long and perhaps longer in Arabia than in India. Where should the phœnix build her odoriferous nest but in the land prophetically called 'the blessed?' And where shall we ever expect; but from that country, the true Comforter to come to the natives of the East? I contemplate your New Testament springing up as it were from dust and ashes, and beautiful as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers like yellow gold."

In his last sermon at Cawnpore, he is described by Mrs. Sherwood, one of his audience on the solemn occasion, as "beginning in a weak and frail voice, but gathering strength as he proceeded, and seeming like one inspired from on high." When he passed through Calcutta on his way to Arabia, he again, after an absence of four years, enjoyed the pure and refined happiness of communion with his dear friends in that city. Mr. Thomason thus writes of him to Mr. Simeon—"This bright and lovely jewel first gladdened my eyes on Saturday last. You know his genius, and what gigantic strides he takes in every thing. He has some great plan in his mind of which I am no competent judge, but, as far as I do understand it, the object is far too grand for one short life, and much beyond his feeble and exhausted frame—feeble it is indeed! how fallen and changed! In all other respects he is exactly the same

as he was; he shines in all the dignity of love, and seems to carry about with him such a heavenly majesty as impresses the mind beyond description. But if he talks much, though in a low voice, he sinks, and you are reminded of his being 'dust and ashes.'"

Martyn's own words on leaving for ever those shores on which he had fondly and fully purposed to spend all his days, were these:—"I now pass from India to Arabia, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, but assured that an ever faithful God and Saviour will be with me in all places whithersoever I go."

With such sentiments as these he left Bengal for Shiraz, in the January of 1811; and after a voyage lasting nearly five months he landed at Bushire in the middle of May. After the pause of a few days at Bushire, where he learnt so much of the moral state of Persia as to make him shudder at a wickedness which surpassed even that of the Hindoos, he set out for Shiraz. During this journey he suffered much from the extremes of both heat and cold; on some occasions the thermometer rose to 126, and the only way in which he could defend himself from the fierceness of the sun and preserve the moisture upon the skin was by wrapping himself up in blankets and other coverings thick enough to exclude the air. At other times he had recourse to large wet towels, which he wound round his head and body; and to this precaution he owed under God the preservation of his life. This was in the plains. When he began to ascend the mountain defiles, where the road often passed so close to the edge of fearful precipices that one false step must have plunged him in destruction, the cold of the nights was so piercing that all the

clothes he could collect together could not keep him from shivering. We cannot wonder, therefore, that when he reached Carzeroon, where he halted for a short period, he could say, "there seemed to be a fire within my head, my skin was like a cinder, and my pulse violent; I awoke many times during the night to dip my burning hand in water."

At length he arrived at Shiraz, a city which has been called the "Athens of Persia," because it has given birth to many poets and historians, who hold a distinguished place in the literature of Asia. The very name of Persia brings back to the mind those Eastern tales in which the loves of the Nightingale and the Rose form so conspicuous a part—which tell of many a daring exploit of the ancient natives of the country, the worshippers of the sun and the fire; and how at length the Arabs conquered the followers of Zoroaster, and forcing them to become wanderers abroad, introduced the Mahomedan religion into the land. But the poetical associations of the region in which he was now settled could not prevent Martyn from seeing the terrible evils which oppressed both the country and the inhabitants. It is thus he writes from Persia to a friend in England:—"As for their wickedness and misery, it is only human nature unveiled, its depravity heightened perhaps by the superstition under which they groan."

It is not my intention to give you any lengthened account of Martyn's labours in Persia, for however rich in interest is his journal at this period, I feel that I must not trespass much longer on your attention. Besides, one object of this lecture is to induce those of you who have not already made acquaintance with his life, to read

the biography for yourselves, for I sincerely believe that if you do so in a right spirit you will rise up from the perusal both humbler and better men. Suffice it to say, that while he carried on with vigour his immediate object to Persia, that of completing a more perfect translation of the New Testament in the Persian language, he stood forth as the faithful Christian confessor attacking the false religion of Mahomet in the very presence of his most bigoted followers, and witnessing boldly for the "truth as it is in Jesus."

He himself has sketched for us his own portrait at this time:—"I am in Persia, entrenched in one of its valleys, separated from Indian friends by chains of mountains and a roaring sea, among a people depraved beyond all belief, in the power of a tyrant guilty of every species of atrocity. Imagine a tall person, seated on a Persian carpet in a room without table or chair, with a pair of formidable mustachios, and habited as a Persian, and you see me."

I think I see this man of God, with his pale and lofty brow, and melancholy eye, clothed in his oriental garb, which is folded over a heart full of the love of Jesus, surrounded by his Mahometan opponents, before whom he is confessing the faith of Christ. Some of his hearers are contemptuous; others violent; others clamorous; yet he calmly and temperately upholds the cause of his Redeemer, and maintains against all their unbelief that Christ is not only human but divine: "God of God, light of light, very God of very God." Though the vindication of the deity of the Saviour before these adherents of the false prophet exposes him not only to many insults, but also to personal danger, he "rejoices

in the truth;" and not shrinking from declaring "whose he was, and whom he served," "contends earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." It is a noble spectacle, and one which proves to us the mighty power of faith, and the constraining influence of love. It tells us that wherever faith and love burn clearly and brightly in the soul, there is no consulting for the interests of flesh and blood; no longing for the applause of the world; no thirsting for the approbation of men; but instead of these, aspirations after heaven, and yearnings for the honour which cometh from God; and desire above all things that Christ be magnified in the body whether it be by life or death. For this is the language of every Christian man whose communion is with the spirit which abideth for evermore: "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; so that living or dying we are the Lord's."

Just one year after his entering Persia, Martyn left Shiraz with the intention of laying before the king, Ali Shah Kajar, his translation of the New Testament.

When, after a fatiguing journey of eight weeks, he reaches the king's camp, he is refused an audience, as it is not the custom for any Englishman to enter the royal presence unless presented by the ambassador, or accredited by his letter. Disappointed in his object, he lost no time in leaving the camp, and proceeded at once to Tebriz; for through the influence of the English ambassador there, Sir Gore Ousely, he hoped still to obtain a personal interview with the king. His wishes, however, were again defeated, for he suffered so much on his journey, not only from the heat, but also at times from scarcity of food, that he was tortured by pain and

sickness, and reduced to a state of great exhaustion. He speaks of having eaten nothing for two days; of having applied to many rich people for even a piastre, and of being refused; and of having been at length supplied with what was necessary, because a poor muleteer from Tebriz became security for him and his companions. As the natural consequences of these hardships, he was attacked by ague and fever, accompanied at times by such aching of the head, and giddiness, that he almost became frantic with the pain: but even in the midst of his agonies, he said again and again, "Let patience have her perfect work;" and he continued pleading before God the precious promise—"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee."

His sufferings during this painful journey had such an effect on his exhausted frame, that upon his arrival at Tebriz he was seized with a violent illness, which, lasting for two months, wasted all his strength, and nearly deprived him of reason. Upon his being raised up, he determined to return to England for the purpose of recovering his health, and in September set out on his long journey homewards. One thousand three hundred miles had he to traverse before he could tread again the shores of his native land; and he had but faint hopes of reaching his destination. He writes thus to Mr. Simeon:—"You will learn from Mr. Grant that I have applied for leave to come to England on furlough—a measure you will disapprove; but you would not, were you to see the pitiable condition to which I am reduced, and knew what it is to traverse the continent of Asia in the destitute state in which I am. If you wish not to

see me, I can say that I think it most probable that you will not; the way before me being not better than that passed over, which has nearly killed me."

The miseries he endured while travelling from Tebriz to Tocat in Asiatic Turkey were intense; though at times he was able to enjoy the beauty and interest of the scenes through which he passed; for now the river Araxes rolled its rapid current before him; and now the hoary peaks of Mount Ararat led back his thoughts to the early world, and the church gathered into the ark, and the rainbow, beautiful token of the gracious covenant of God. But it is not long before the daily fatigue begins to tell powerfully on his weakened frame; the fever and ague return, attended by depression of spirits, which, however, never interferes with his peace of mind, for his soul rests still upon Him who is a "very present help in time of trouble." As he draws near Tocat, after journeying about a month, he hears that the plague is raging there, and he feels that he is passing inevitably into imminent danger. The Tartar guide who was to escort him to Tocat, compels him, from private motives of his own, to travel day and night, and hurries him onwards with the greatest rapidity, until Martyn, dismounting from his horse, says resolutely he will go no further. This night he sleeps in a stable-room, for though he might be better lodged in the house of public entertainment, he wishes to be alone, and longs for quietness and rest. But his desire is not granted, for he is followed to this place by others, who have neither pity nor compassion for his sufferings. Here his fever increases to a violent degree; and the heat in his eyes and forehead is so heightened by a fire which they

have kindled, and will not put out at his urgent request, that he becomes almost maddened with the pain. He entreats them to carry him out into the fresh night-air, but they are deaf to all he says. As a last resource he places his head among the baggage, seeking to cool it upon the damp ground, and in this position falls asleep. But his sorrows are soon to end. A few days more and he will be where sorrow never comes. He has "fought the good fight and kept the faith"—he is found "faithful unto death, and the crown of life is being woven for his brow." Soon will the starry portals of the kingdom of heaven roll back to admit his soul among the rejoicing choirs of the redeemed.

He himself longed for the time, when being "absent from the body, he should be present with the Lord." His last recorded words are these: "I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God; in solitude my companion, my friend, and comforter. Oh! when shall time give place to eternity? when shall appear that 'new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness?' There 'there shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth;' none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts; none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality shall be seen or heard of any more."

Ten days after these heavenly aspirations, on the 16th of October, 1812, at the early age of 32, either falling a victim to the plague, or sinking under the fever which had so greatly reduced his strength, he entered the presence of that Saviour "whom having not seen he loved, and in whom, though he now saw him not, yet

believing, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

There is something very touching in the thought of that lonely death-bed in a foreign land. No relative was near to watch his last look, to catch his last words; no kinsman stood by his couch to whisper encouraging truths, to close his eyes, or wipe the dews from his forehead, or speak cheeringly of that better land to which he was drawing near. The friends whose privilege it would have been to perform these last offices of love were anxiously expecting tidings of his arrival either in India or England. And what fond thoughts of his distant home, of affectionate relatives, of friends dear to his gentle heart—of all that shared his sympathies or engaged his solicitude, may have rushed in a flood of thrilling remembrances upon his soul, we know not, and cannot tell. It may have been with him as it was with the traveller who laid him down to die on the burning sands of Africa, before whose closing eyes came floating up visions of the past, and in whose ears there rang old familiar voices, and who uttered almost as his last words—"I have just heard the sound of an English funeral bell."

But however apparently desolate Martyn's dying bed, and whatever the feelings which pervaded his mind, of one thing we may be certain,—that he was not alone in his expiring hour, for the Good Shepherd was with his faithful servant when death stamped his cold signet on his pale brow; and He administered that rich consolation which gives the soul strength and assurance, and at times rapture, when about to appear in the presence of its God. Nor does He, who thus tenderly "loosed

the silver cord, and gently broke the golden bowl," that the spirit of his loving saint might be with him where he was, forget the body, which was once that spirit's tabernacle—the body, every particle of whose dust was ransomed by blood. There is one spot at least in the plains of Turkey over which God watches with sleepless eye, and which may be called "holy ground," for there rest the ashes of one whose body was "a temple for the Holy Ghost," and concerning whom the promise has been made—"I will raise him up at the last day;" and though winds may sweep the grave in which these ashes repose, and rude men may trample on it, and time lay upon it his stern and effacing finger, yet does it contain dust which is precious in the sight of the Lord, and over which he watches with peculiar care. And this same solitary tomb has become a place enshrined within the affections of the church; nor will the name of "Henry Martyn" ever cease to blend with her most cherished and holy recollections, until she pass from her militant into her triumphant condition, when this name shall be lost in the brighter glories of that "new name which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it," and which shall be given "to all that overcome."

Not altogether melancholy, then, are the thoughts with which we contemplate that unfrequented grave at Tocat; for "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;" and they that have lived and toiled and served God in the martyr's spirit, shall be rewarded with the martyr's crown. The resting-places of the just, even though they may be stained and crimsoned with the heart's blood of the saints and confessors who sleep beneath,

can never be associated in our minds with what is mournful and sad: rather are they connected with thoughts of honour, and reverence, and love. Nor is there the tomb of any one of India's conquerors, however garnished, or decorated, or adorned—however made the subject of the poet's eulogy or the historian's praise, that I would choose in preference to that of the humble one of Henry Martyn; for though he endured hardships, and suffered from an unhealthy climate, and knew the desolateness of a lonely life—though he languished under unsoothed afflictions and unshared anxiety, and untended sickness—yet in giving his life to the salvation of souls he did deeds which attract the admiration of heaven, and whose issues shall be felt to the farthest eternity. He may have lacked earthly honours and joys, but his record is on high; and by preaching the Gospel to the ignorant, and by causing languages hitherto silent in those glorious truths which "make men wise unto salvation," to speak eloquently to millions of immortal souls in the tongues which they understood, he flung a pathway of light over the dark tracks of heathenism, and became the author of blessings which can never be known till time shall be no more. His reward may not have been such as follows the hero of the age, and who receives the loud acclaim of mankind, but it is one better, higher, more lustrous; and when thrones shall crumble, and empires totter to ruin, and when heaven and earth themselves shall have passed away, the crown shall still sparkle on his brow, and the palm shall wave brightly in his hand.

Oh! that parents who count themselves fortunate

when their children are offered a cadet's commission, or a civilian's appointment, or a merchant's partnership, would remember that the highest end to which our life, so brief, and yet so associated with eternal destinies, can be devoted, is to make men acquainted with that knowledge which alone can bring them to heaven and to God. Why should the father hail with satisfaction an Indian appointment for his son, and yet shrink back from what he would confess to be a sacrifice, were he asked to send him forth to toil under the same climate in the cause of Christ and of souls?

Mothers, why not teach your darling boys—sisters, why not animate your loving brothers—young men, why not be instructed in the truth, that, in the councils of heaven, far beyond the lofty statesman, or the mighty general, or the eloquent orator, or the successful merchant, ranks the man who goes forth with his life in his hand to win souls to Christ; and that the office which *he* bears has been alike dignified and sanctified by the fact that the first missionary who trod the provinces of this fallen world was the "Son of God," "the Lord from Heaven!"

And let me, in conclusion, remind you all, that from the silent tomb of Henry Martyn there comes a voice rich in practical lessons; and that he "being dead yet speaketh." This voice teaches us what a real and earnest thing true religion is; and reveals to us that life is too great, too holy, too solemn, to be frittered away in the frivolous vanities of the world; and that pursuits loftier than these are becoming a being made only a "little lower than the angels," whose spirit can hold communion with God, and who can become the

instrument "of turning many souls unto righteousness." Aye, and it tells us that it is not in the cloister of the monk, or in the cell of the nun, or in the cave of the hermit that God can be best served, and men most benefited, and that true spiritual life pervades everything with divine vigour, fills all the sails of action, and urges the possessor to do bravely, and dare greatly, and die boldly in his Master's cause. It says, moreover, that we have all a work to do for God; and that if we are not called to labour in foreign lands, we may serve Him in our several employments at home; and that by "holding forth the word of life" in our daily walk and conversation, we may be missionaries in our families, missionaries in our streets, missionaries in our schools, missionaries amongst our friends and acquaintance—missionaries amongst all who are still ignorant of the Lord. Oh! that this voice may be listened to, and awaken a ready response in the bosoms of us all!

Amid the Alpine solitudes of Switzerland, a shepherd will sometimes blow a note upon his horn, which, ringing through the majestic amphitheatre of hills, makes the pastoral vales and upland heaths melodious, and calls forth a thousand echoes, each sweeter and more musical than the other, till at length they die gently away, and the reign of silence is restored. So I could wish that the voice from Henry Martyn's grave might awaken the response of love and energy and zeal in your breasts; not, indeed, that the echoes once aroused should ever cease, but that from your hearts they might communicate themselves to others, and yet to others, reverberating ever wider and more

extensively; and that the sounds thus evoked might be heard even until that sublime hour when they shall be lost in the swelling notes of the triumphant shout which shall yet gladden the hills and valleys of the earth, when the Lord comes to set up his tabernacle amongst men—a shout which shall arise "as the noise of many waters, and the voice of a great thunder," to the throne of God and the Lamb—"HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH, FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH. THE KINGDOMS OF THIS WORLD ARE BECOME THE KINGDOMS OF OUR LORD AND OF HIS CHRIST; AND HE SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER!"

THE END.

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